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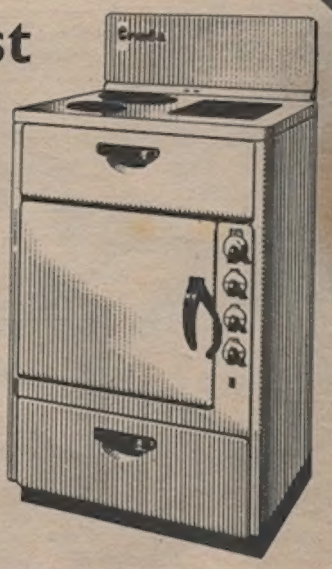

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EDITORIAL

Blue pencils

LAST month on the Isle of Man a library was fined for lending out a novel considered "obscene" by the local police.

Yet it was clearly a serious work and had been praised as such by leading reviews.

It is still being sold and lent everywhere else in the country—as are thousands of lesser books in paper jackets which obviously base their appeal on the charms displayed on their covers and have no literary merit at all.

In July the Brighton magistrates ordered 13,397 comic postcards to be destroyed. Yet the same ones are on sale all round the coast, and have been as long as anyone can remember.'

MR. JOHN BROPHY, author and filmwriter and council member of the Society of Authors, says: "The whole censorship situation in this country is chaotic. A completely new approach is needed."

MR. JOHN BROPHY
"It's chaotic"

Books have 159 censors—the number of police forces in the country. The Home Office has a list of books it considers obscene.

But it is quite unofficial, not binding to local forces. And the worst aspect of it is that it is secret.

The Newsagents' Federation has been refused copies, and its members have to carry on in the fear that they may inadvertently be purveying pornography—or what the local police think is pornography.

The idea of censorship is distasteful. And the prospect of a Lord High Censor even more so. Yet, oddly enough, something of the sort is probably the most reasonable solution. The question of what "goes too far" might be more safely handled by a central censor *whose decisions could be appealed against outside the atmosphere of a police court*. He could be in the nature of an adviser, resorting to law only when his advice is unheeded.

TIMES have changed. *The Well Of Loneliness* and *Ulysses*, once banned, are now agreed to be part of a well-read person's library. Ibsen's *Ghosts* and Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* are just good plays.

We have grown more liberal in our ideas, and the censorship laws must be brought up to date, too.

After all, the old question, "Would you let your daughter read this?" is now apt to be answered by the fact that she *has* read it and is none the worse.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

IN a few days the Royal Family will return to Buckingham Palace, but meanwhile they relax in the informal atmosphere of Balmoral. Gordon Nicol, R.I., portrays the Duke of Edinburgh in the comfortable Norfolk suit which stimulated the Edwardian fashion revival for men last year. Both the Royal children take riding lessons, but Prince Charles is still fond of the model car which King George VI gave him the Christmas before he died.

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FREE SPEECH

Girl with a sense of adventure

THE finest domestic help I ever had was a young Danish girl who spent a year in this country to improve her English and to learn about our way of life. As the daughter of a Copenhagen businessman, Kirsten was not accustomed to service, but she did her work cheerfully and conscientiously.

In her limited spare time she went to theatres and concerts, watched cricket and football, swam, played tennis, danced and toured London thoroughly, seeing everything from the Tower to the Hyde Park orators. For her holiday she took a train to Liverpool and then cycled through industrial Lancashire to the Lakes. After Kirsten's return to Denmark, her father, pleased with the success of the experiment, asked me if I knew an English girl who would like to take a similar job with his family. I made numerous inquiries, but the few girls who did show any interest lost it entirely when they realized that they would have to work in the house. Kirsten's father was disappointed. He engaged a Swiss girl, and wrote to me saying that he hoped that young Englishwomen were not losing their love of adventure.—MRS. T. C. R. M., Buckinghamshire.

Wet Welcome

FOR a practical joke, my father sometimes gives a ceremonious knock on the front door and waits for somebody to answer it. Mother decided that the next time this happened he would get a wet welcome. When the knock came she went to the door with a small jug of water. It was lucky that she paused before throwing it. Our new parson was standing on the step.—MISS E. S., Suffolk.

Mother's Heart

OUR dog Trixie was only six weeks old when she came to us, and she cried so pitifully for her mother that we thought she would die of heartache. Then my husband had a brilliant idea. He wrapped up a little clock and placed it in a corner of the

puppy's basket. Almost at once the whimpering ceased. The quiet ticking of the clock must have sounded to Trixie like the beating of her mother's heart.—MRS. L. G., Lancashire.

Draughts Men

AS a Manchester office boy, I used to have my lunch in a café where the members of a draughts club played while they ate their sandwiches. At my table two men battled against each other day after day. Twenty-five years later I entered another café and sat down at a table where two men were playing. I was so interested in the game that it was some time before I noticed that they were the same pair that I had known all those years before. When the game finished—in a draw—I turned to one of the players and introduced myself. All he said was: "Oh, aye? And this blighter can't play any better even now."—H. D., Prestwich, Lancashire.

Family Travel

IN Rome I have seen whole fleets of motor scooters ("Free Speech," September 19), dodging in and out among the trolleybuses, the horse-drawn carriages and the large cars used by the Diplomatic Corps. Clergymen find them useful, as they can be ridden in a cassock. Sometimes whole families travel on one scooter. One child stands between the father's legs and the mother sits on the pillion seat with another child on her lap.—PETER GORDON, Wiltshire.

. . . In the 1920s we girls always rode side-saddle on motor cycle pillions.—MRS. V. L., Manchester.

. . . Like the Italian girls, I have found that riding side-saddle is more elegant and infinitely more comfortable. Unfortunately, in this country it is against the law. The policeman who stopped me when I rode side-saddle on my husband's scooter was quite sympathetic about my tight skirt, but I had to go home on the bus. — MRS. M. McG., Balham, London, S.W.12.

Section sixteen of the Road Traffic Act of 1930 states that motor cyclists must not carry more than one passenger on a two-wheeled machine. That passenger must sit astride a proper seat fixed behind the driver's seat.

Rise And Shine

AS a messenger boy in H.M.S. Iron Duke during the first World War, I was expected to call my commander when he was due "on watch." Unfortunately, I suffered from the same trouble as Mrs. J. W. L. ("Free Speech," September 19)—I found it difficult to wake up at the correct times. But the commander was never late for duty. If necessary he could awake after only one hour of sleep. He told me that when he lay down he said to himself: "I *must* be up at five o'clock"—or any other fixed time.—W. R. A., Hull, Yorkshire.

. . . Mrs. J. W. L. should say to herself seventeen times: "I *will* awake at five o'clock."—M. J. CONNELLY, Midlothian.

. . . A baby is the best alarm. In stubborn cases of sleepiness, leave a few tins in the cot.—J. P., Denbighshire.

. . . Reduce the bedclothes to a minimum and you awake soon after four o'clock.—A. A. S., Cambridgeshire.

. . . Husband and wife should take it in turns to rise and make the morning tea. Then each of them has a do-as-you-would-be-done-by motive for getting up.—MRS. E. B., Sidcup.

. . . In Lancashire they used to employ knockers-up to rouse the early workers.—MRS. I. WINKLEY, Clayton-le-Moors, Lancashire.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Bill Ward snatches laughs from TV mishaps

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Insect Invasion

OUR house, which is in the heart of the country, was recently invaded by insects of all kinds. Chief among the intruders was the daddy-long-legs. I counted fifty-two of them in one

bedroom and they surrounded the oil lamps as soon as they were lit. The earwigs have been nearly as bad. I found them everywhere—in the beds and, worse than that, in the food. Moths have been a great nuisance, too. I cannot remember a year when insects gave us so much trouble.—MRS. D. MARSHALL, Flintshire.

When the warm weather gave way to a cold spell, the insects made a rush for winter quarters. Like many other insects, crane flies (daddy-long-legs) are attracted by a light.

No Midnight Oil

WHEN studying for examinations, I found that my best plan was to start work at five o'clock in the morning. I tried to work at the other end of the day, but my brain seemed to shut down at eleven. I have a friend whose experience is quite the reverse of mine. He says that he can do his best work after eleven at night. I have heard it said that a person is mentally at his best around the hour at which he was born.—D. M. J., Chester.

Nature, reinforced by training, divides people into late-night and early-morning workers, says a doctor. An early bird would find great difficulty in changing to late-night study. The hour of birth has no effect at all upon these tendencies.

Island Cabbages

WHEN I visited Jersey for a camping holiday I was astonished by the size of the cabbages which are grown on the island. Some were between five and eight feet high. The islanders told me that the leaves are fed to cattle and the stalks used for the manufacture of walking sticks.—G. D. BLACKMORE, Bristol, 3.

The number of cabbages grown for walking stick manufacture fell considerably as the walking stick passed from favour. The stalks are sent to England for hardening and bending.

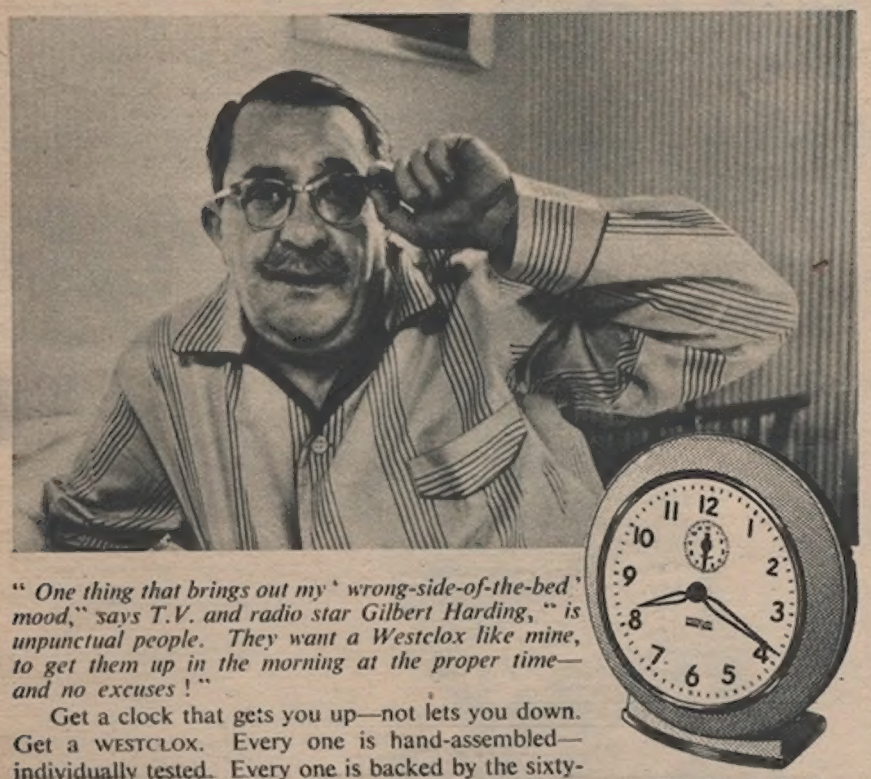
Fish Finders

THE echo-sounding charts which illustrated Ronald W. Clark's article on ultrasonics (JOHN BULL, September 19) interested me greatly. Does this fish-location equipment ever track down more exciting undersea objects than fish? — MISS J. K. D., Derbyshire.

The charts were produced by equipment installed in the Onaway, a motor fishing vessel used by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries laboratory at Lowestoft. After the war the charts frequently recorded the presence of wrecks, most of them small vessels which have since broken up. Echo-sounding devices are widely used by commercial fishing vessels.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

What wakes GILBERT HARDING?



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HORNBLOWER
OF THE ATROPOS

by C. S. FORESTER

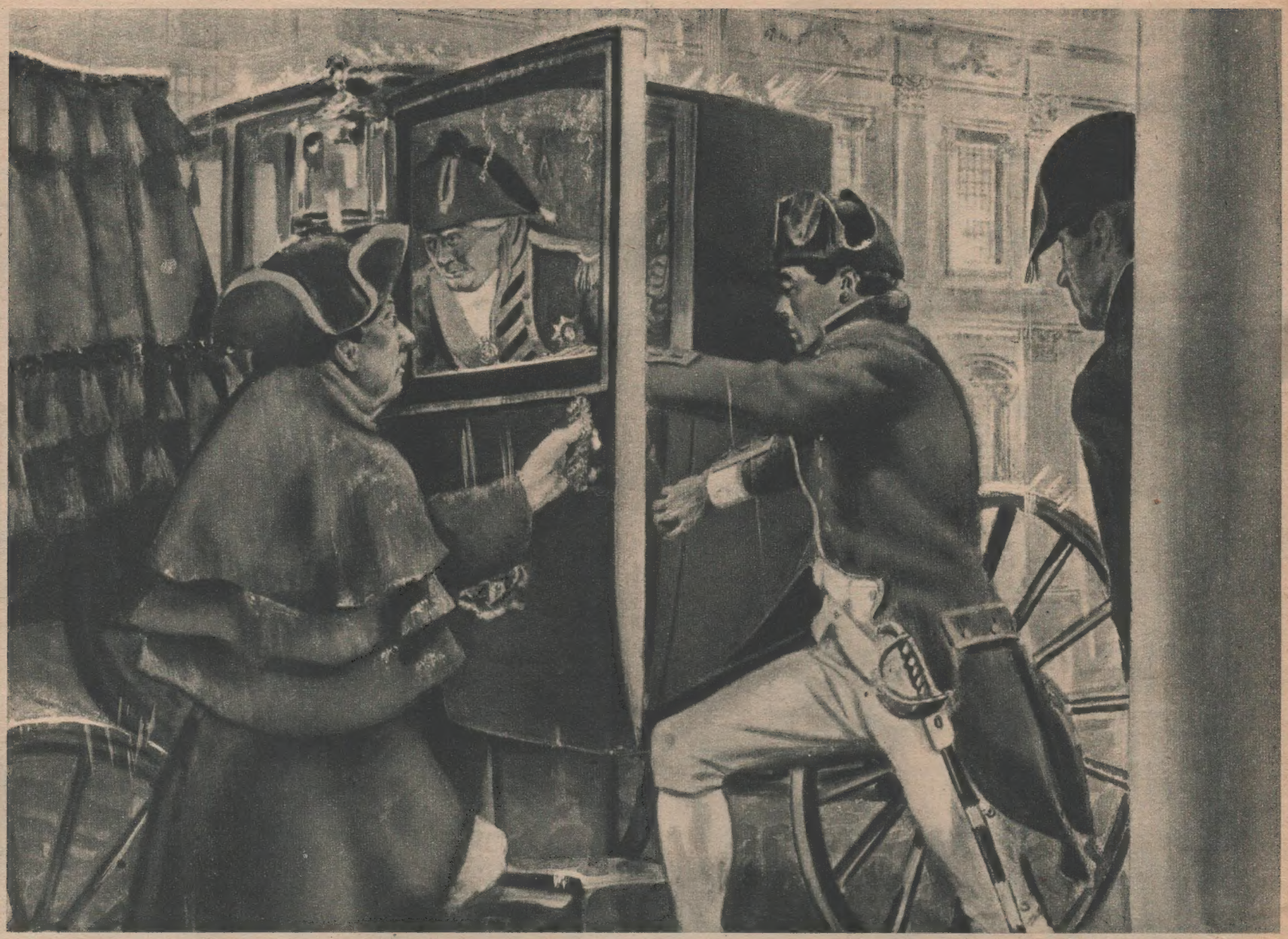
CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER, R.N., climbed wearily up to the George Inn, Deptford. He was cold and hungry and fatigued. It had been a day as full as ever he remembered.

He had supervised the funeral procession of Admiral Lord Nelson up the Thames to Whitehall. He had carried the great sailor's coffin, in the teeth of a gale, on a barge that had sprung a leak and was nigh on sinking by the end of the ceremony. Somehow he had marshalled thirty-eight boats and a thousand officers and men, to say nothing of royal dukes and admirals, heralds and pursuivants and dignitaries he had scarcely heard of before, into good order. All he had got for his pains was a surly word of congratulation from Admiral St. Vincent, and—a prospect more alarming than anything that had happened today—he was soon to be presented to the King.

Well, it was all over for the time being. Hornblower heaved a vast sigh of relief. Now he could return to family affairs. There was an anxiety that had been tormenting him ever since early morning. That his second child should choose to be born today, of all days! He had left Maria in labour—it seemed a week ago. By now, if all had gone well. . . . His fears for her safety came rushing back into his mind.

He hurried into the George, and the first face that he caught sight of was the landlord's —a shadowy figure with whom he was scarcely acquainted, in this house where the landlady

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE



In pouring rain, Hornblower followed St. Vincent into the coach. He had a stupefying cold, and he wished he hadn't left his cloak at the Admiralty

assumed the responsibility for everything.

"How's my wife?" demanded Hornblower.

The landlord blinked.

"I don't rightly know, sir," he said, and Hornblower turned away from him impatiently and ran up the stairs. He hesitated at the bedroom door, with his hand on the handle; his heart was beating fast. Then he heard the murmur of voices within and opened the door. There was Maria in bed, lying back on the pillows, and the midwife moving about by the window.

The light of a candle faintly illuminated Maria's face.

"Horry!" she said; the glad surprise in her voice accounted for her use of the diminutive.

Hornblower took her hand.

"All well, dearest?" he asked.

"Yes," said Maria.

She held up her lips to be kissed, but even before the kiss was completed she was turning her eyes towards the wicker basket which stood on a small table beside the bed.

"It's a little girl, darling," she said. "Our little girl."

"And a fine little babby, too," added the midwife.

Hornblower walked round the bed and peered into the basket. The blanket there concealed a diminutive figure—Hornblower, grown accustomed to playing with little Horatio, had forgotten how tiny a thing was a newborn baby—and a minute red face, a sort of caricature of humanity, was visible on the little pillow. He gazed down upon it; the little lips opened and emitted a squall, faint and high-pitched, so that little Horatio's remembered cries were lusty bellows by comparison.

"She's beautiful," said Hornblower gallantly, while the squalling continued and two minute clenched fists appeared above the blanket.

"Our little Maria," said Maria. "I'm sure her hair is going to curl."

"Now, now," said the midwife, not in reproof of this extravagant prophecy but because Maria was trying to lift herself to gaze at the child.

"She has only to grow up like her mother," said Hornblower, "to be the best daughter I could wish for."

Maria rewarded him with a smile as she sank back on the pillow again. "Little Horatio's downstairs," she said. "He has seen his sister."

"And what did he think of her?"

"He cried when she did," said Maria.

"I had better see how he is," suggested Hornblower.

"Please do," said Maria, but she extended her hand to him again, and Hornblower bent and kissed it.

The room was very warm, with a fire burning briskly in the grate, and it smelt of sickness, oppressive to Hornblower's lungs after the keen January air that had filled them all day.

"I am happy beyond all measure to see you so well, dear," said Hornblower, taking his leave.

Downstairs, as he stood hesitating in the hall, the landlady popped her head out from the kitchen.

"The young gennelman's in here, sir," she said, "if you don't mind stepping in."

Little Horatio was sitting up in a high-chair. His face lit up with a smile as he caught sight of his father—the most flattering experience Hornblower had ever known—and he bounced up and down in his chair and waved the crust he held in his fist.

"There! See him smile 'cause his daddy's come home!" said the landlady; then she hesitated before she put forward a suggestion which she knew to verge on the extravagant. "His bedtime's coming soon, sir. Would you care to play with him until then, sir?"

"Yes," said Hornblower.

"There, baby!" said the landlady. "Daddy's going to play with you. Oops-a-daisy, then. The bar parlour's empty now, sir. This way, sir. Emily, bring a candle for the captain."

Little Horatio was in two minds, once he found himself on the parlour floor, as to which of two methods of progression was more satisfactory to a man almost a year old. On hands and knees he could make prodigious speed, and in any direction he chose. But on the other hand he could pull himself upright by clinging to the leg of a chair, and the radiant expression on his face when he did so was proof of the satisfaction this afforded him.

Having let go of the chair, provided he had already been successful in the monstrous effort necessary to turn away from it, he could manage to take a step towards his father; he was then compelled to stop and sway perilously on widely separated feet before taking another step, and it was rarely that he could accomplish a step before sitting down on the floor with something of a bump. And was it possible that the monosyllable he said so frequently—"Da," it sounded like—was an attempt to say

"Daddy"? . . . This was happiness again, fleeting, transient, to have his little son tottering towards him with a beaming smile.

"Come to Daddy," said Hornblower, hands outstretched.

Then the smile would turn to a mischievous grin, and down on his hands and knees went young Horatio, galloping like lightning across the room, and gurgling with delirious joy when his father came running after him to seize him and swing him into the air. Simple and delightful pleasure; and then, as Hornblower held the kicking, gurgling baby up at arm's length, he had a fleeting recollection of the moment when he himself had hung suspended in the mizzen rigging on the occasion when the Indefatigable's mizzen mast fell when he was in command of the top. . . . This child would know peril and danger—and fear—in later years.

He would not let the thought cloud his happiness. He lowered the baby down and then held him at arm's length again—a most successful performance, judging by the gurgles it elicited.

The landlady came in, knocking at the door.

"That's a big man," she said, and Hornblower forced himself not to feel self-conscious at being caught enjoying the company of his own child.

"Dunno what come over me, sir," went on the landlady. "I clean forgot to ask if you wanted supper."

"Supper?" said Hornblower. The last time he had eaten was in the Painted Hall at Greenwich.

"Ham an' eggs?" asked the landlady. "A bite o' cold beef?"

"Both, if you please," said Hornblower.

"Three shakes of a duck's tail an' you'll have 'em," said the landlady. "You keep that young feller busy while I get it."

"I ought to go back to Mrs. Hornblower."

"She'll do for another ten minutes without you," said the landlady briskly.

The smell of bacon and eggs when they came was heavenly. Hornblower could sit down with appetite while Emily bore little Horatio off to bed. And after bacon and eggs, cold beef and pickled onions and a flagon of beer—another simple pleasure, that of eating his fill and more, the knowledge that he was eating too much serving as a sauce to him who kept himself almost invariably within bounds, and who looked upon over-indulgence usually with suspicion and contempt. With his duty carried out successfully today, he had for once no care for the morrow, not even when the day after tomorrow would see him engaged in the rather frightening experience of attending the King's levee. And Maria had come safely through her ordeal, and he had a little daughter who would be as adorable as his little son. Then he sneezed three times running. . . .

* * *

"Whitehall Steps," said Hornblower, stepping down into his gig at Deptford Hard.

It was convenient having his gig for use here; it was faster than a wherryman's boat, and it cost him nothing.

"Give way!" said the coxswain.

Of course, it was raining. The westerly wind still blew and bore with it today flurries of heavy rain, which hissed down on the surface of the river, roared on the tarpaulins of the wretched boat's crew, and rattled loudly on the sou'wester which Hornblower wore while he sheltered his cocked hat under his boat cloak.

He sniffed lamentably. He had the worst cold he had ever experienced, and he needed to use his handkerchief. But that meant bringing a hand out from under his cloak, and he would not do that—with the boat cloak spread round him like a tent as he sat in the stern-sheets, and with the sou'wester on top, he could hope to keep himself reasonably dry as far as Whitehall if he did not disturb the arrangement. He preferred to sniff.

Up the river, through the rain; under London

Hornblower leaned over the bed and took Maria's hand. "All well, dearest?" he asked. She held up her lips to be kissed. "It's a girl, darling," she murmured. "Our little girl"

His head still spinning with the strange task the King had given him, Hornblower realized with a start that they were already passing the Atropos. Hurriedly, he returned the salute

Bridge, round the bends he had come to know so well during the last few days. He cowered in misery under his boat cloak, shuddering. He was sure he had never felt so ill in his life before. He ought to be in bed, with hot bricks at his feet and hot rum and water at his side, but on the day when the First Lord was going to take him to the Court of St. James's he could not possibly plead illness, not even though the shivers ran up and down his spine and his legs felt too weak to carry him.

Whitehall Steps were slippery where the tide had receded from them; in his weak state he could hardly keep his footing as he climbed them.

At the top, with the rain still beating down, he put his appearance to rights as well as he could. He rolled up the sou'wester and put it in the pocket of his cloak, put on his cocked hat, and hurried, bending forward into the driving rain, the 150 yards to the Admiralty. Even in the short time that it took him, his stockings were splashed and wet, and the brim of his cocked hat was filled with water. He was glad to stand before the fire in the Captain's Room while he waited until his old shipmate Lieutenant Bracegirdle came in with the announcement that His Lordship was ready for him.

"Morning, Hornblower," said St. Vincent, standing under the portico.

"Good morning, my lord."

"No use waiting for a smooth," growled St. Vincent, looking up at the rain and eyeing the distance between him and his coach. "Come on."

He hobbled manfully forward. Hornblower and Bracegirdle advanced with him. They had no cloaks on—Hornblower had left his at the Admiralty—and had to wait in the rain while St Vincent walked to the coach and, with infinite slowness, hauled himself into it. Hornblower followed him and Bracegirdle squeezed in after him, perching on the turn-down seat in front. The coach rumbled forward over the cobbles, with a vibration from the iron-rimmed wheels that found an echo in the shudders that were still playing up and down Hornblower's spine.

"All nonsense, of course, having to use a coach to St. James's from the Admiralty," growled St. Vincent. "I used to walk a full three miles on my quarter-deck in the old Orion."

HORNBLOWER sniffed again, miserably. He could not even congratulate himself on the fact that, as he felt so ill, he knew almost no qualms about his new experience which was awaiting him, because, stupefied by his cold, he was unable even to indulge in his habitual self-analysis.

"I read your report last night, Hornblower," went on St. Vincent. "Satisfactory."

"Thank you, my lord." He braced himself into appearing intelligent. "And did the funeral at St. Paul's go off well yesterday?"

"Well enough."

The coach rumbled down the Mall.

"Here we are," said St. Vincent. "You'll come back with me, I suppose, Hornblower? I don't intend to stay long. Nine in the morning, and I haven't done a third of my day's work yet."

"Thank you, my lord. I'll take station on you, then."

The coach door opened, and Bracegirdle nimbly stepped out to help his chief down the steps.

Hornblower followed; now his heart was beating faster. There were red uniforms, blue and gold uniforms, blue and silver uniforms, in evidence everywhere; many of the men were in powder. One powdered wig—the dark eyes below it were in startling contrast—detached itself and approached St. Vincent. The uniform

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George Ingle, a show judge for twenty years, gives an opinion on a vase of autumn blooms. He looks for beauty, quality and uniformity—not mere size

Judge Ingle foils the flower show cheats

by KENRIC HICKSON

Most exhibitors are scrupulously honest, but even the friendliest village flower show can arouse strange passions

THE DESCRIPTION for a class at the 1949 Kenilworth flower and horticultural show read: "Collection of vegetables, six different kinds, frontage three feet." There were only two entries, and one was outstandingly good. The two judges gazed with pleasure at the tastefully arranged selection of leeks, celery, cauliflowers, runner beans and peas, and one of them was about to mark the card propped in front of it with the words "First Prize" when the other, George Ingle, put out a restraining hand.

"Count them," he said in a disappointed voice. "There are only five." Reluctantly, they had to award the prize to the other exhibitor, and the superior entry had to be disqualified. "There was nothing else we could do," explained George Ingle, a dark-haired, well-built Yorkshireman in his late forties. "If the schedule calls for six vegetables, five, no matter how fine, will not do.

"Just after the show opened, the unfortunate exhibitor came dashing up and told me the sad story. He had found the missing vegetables—five fine kidney potatoes—in his bag when he got home after staging."

Flower shows, which may seem pleasant, friendly affairs to an outsider, are often matters of passion to the exhibitors.

"At a local village show a few years ago," recalls Ingle, "the second prize-winner in the class for 'Twelve Shallots' complained to the secretary that the first prize-winner had only eleven shallots on his dish. "The judges were sent for, but they were certain that when they saw the exhibit there had been twelve.

"Suspicion veered round to the accuser, who broke down and admitted his trickery. Between the time of judging and the time the marquee was opened to the public he had climbed in under the awning and had stolen one shallot from the winner's dish. There was no prosecution—but he never exhibited there again."

On the whole, says Ingle, growers are scrupulously honest. "But exhibiting lays traps for a man's vanity, and such tricks as covering green potatoes with a dressing of flour do occur."

One of the most flagrant cases was revealed when a judge thought he recognized six fine onions. They were in a small show he was judging, and he was certain that he had seen them before at the major Shrewsbury show.

"On making detailed inquiries, we discovered that the exhibitor was not even a proper gardener," recalls the judge. "He had bought these onions after the Shrewsbury success and was taking them round a number of village shows and winning every time. I was very pleased when we put a stop to his activities. But we had reckoned without the depths of his depravity. The onions turned up again later. He had passed them on to a friend, who was exhibiting them equally successfully."

George Ingle has been judging flower shows for twenty years. A working gardener all his life, he is superintendent of Leamington Spa's famous Jephson Gardens and two hundred acres of other parks and playing-fields in the borough. He has judged almost everywhere in Britain—with the exception of Leamington Spa. "I know

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The loving slave

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

He was young, playful, and adored his master. But Maslin didn't want adoration; he wanted a useful dog. And what possible use was Fly?

JOHN MASLIN WAS DISAPPOINTED in the pup. He bought it at three months, a silky brown handful of Lakeland terrier, son of a sire noted for gameness in tackling foxes gone to earth.

Maslin christened it Fly, and reckoned that by the back end it would be old enough to try out with the Iredale Hunt. He fed it sensibly, housed it in a corner of the old byre at Beckthwaite, and got it used to the presence of sheep. He made no fuss of it, being a hardish, unimaginative man, with cold, blue eyes. But from the word Go, the pup worshipped him.

One September morning, with Fly at his heels, he joined the hunt, meeting just below Beckthwaite. A fox went streaking up the scree and brackens of Mart Fell, and as luck would have it, binked ten minutes later in a great borran of clustered boulders. At Maslin's request, the huntsman let him shove Fly down through a narrow crack in the rocks. Fly promptly scampered out, stood on thin hind legs, and nuzzled Maslin's stocking.

"Tha's daft!" he said angrily, grabbed it by the scruff of the neck and thrust it down the hole again. Once more Fly popped out, and licked his boots.

The rest of the dalesmen laughed. But Maslin scowled. What he demanded from a dog was work, not affection. For the third time he stuffed it into the dark, thin slit, but it was no use. Fly was back in a matter of seconds, gambolling around his legs.

On two further occasions he tried to send the terrier down after a binked fox, without success. That convinced him he had wasted five pounds on a dog "wi' nae guts," as he described it. The thought irked and irritated him. His two sheepdogs had to earn their keep, but this feckless terrier was eating good food and giving nothing in return but sloppy affection. If Fly ever got a pat, it was from passing dalesfolk and never from his master.

Another man might have given the dog away. But Maslin jibbed at the idea. It was akin to presenting somebody with £5. He hung on, hoping to sell it, and for most of the time Fly was tied up, because the moment it was loose it would follow him devotedly. Shouts and threats had no effect. Whenever it saw him, its bristling whiskers would twitch, and it would writhe and wriggle and let out loving sounds that were a cross between yelps and gurgles.

In the end he heard that a Miss Darley, of Iremouth, on the coast, wanted a little dog, and sold it to her for £5 10s. With Fly at her side, she went chugging down the dale in her elderly car. Next morning, Fly was back, squatting hopefully in Beckthwaite stackyard. Maslin swore, and sent Miss Darley a message. When she arrived, holding out inviting hands and cooing silly little words to Fly, he retired behind Maslin's heels. Maslin seized the terrier by the new, shiny collar. "'Tis that feckless, miss," he said. "Best keep it on lead."

On several more occasions before Christmas, Fly returned to Beckthwaite. Maslin saw nothing flattering about this, only a goading stupidity. He told Miss Marley she should never give it the chance to get loose.

Then the hard spell set it, nearly two months of biting frost, though snow was infrequent. He saw no more of Fly, and reckoned that at last the terrier had attached itself to its new mistress.

During that spell, Maslin plodded up the fells on occasion, keeping an eye on his four hundred Herdwick sheep. He saw nothing to worry him. Though the frozen heather tinkled in the wind like bells, and the usually squelchy mosses resembled concrete, the absence of deep snow meant that the ewes could nose out, browsing among bents and fescue and heather sprigs.

On a night towards the end of February, the crisp silence of the dale gave place to a myriad rustlings and whisperings. The thaw had set in, and the waters were oozing from their bondage. In the morning he resolved to have one more look at his sheep, and as there were a few cases of hardpad in the district, left his dogs behind and set off alone, heading for the first long gorge of the Ire.

Tramping along the track above the river, where the current below the ice slid as a widening, greenish-white thread, he heard gurglings and yelpings behind.

HE turned, and saw Fly trotting up to him. Maslin stared bitterly at the dog. "Gaa away!" he called.

Fly checked pace and wriggled with ecstatic delight. By now the terrier, almost a year old, had a dense, wiry coat of black and tan and a fatness that came of pampered living with Miss Darley. Maslin yelled and pointed back towards the coast, but the terrier simply plumped nose upon paws and watched him.

"Oh, to hell wi' tha!" said Maslin, and resumed his advance up the gradual rise of the gorge.

A few of his sheep were browsing on the fell-breast that descended like a leaning wall to the right of him. The bulk of them, he expected, would be on Ling Bank, the high, wide, hummocky stretch extending away southwards from the lip of the fell. The fell-breast itself was mainly naked rock and scree, offering scant grazing at any time. He glanced up at it with a kind of admiring disapproval. Six hundred, eight hundred, and at some spots a thousand feet it rose, steep and stark, cluttered with boulders and smaller stones, all perched loosely. Blobs of thawing frost gave a magpie effect to the dark rock. Here and there, gullies riven by millions of years of water cleaved their dizzy way down.

The vast fans of stones and boulders and scree, he knew, were the results of weather. Through the ages, ice got into the granite and split it, and with every thaw more loose stuff was broken off, to slide and slither gradually towards the floor of the gorge. New tilts of it were formed yearly.

SCARCELY was the thought in and out of his head when he heard a grinding noise, tremendous, roaring. He looked up. Near the lip of the fell above him a whole section of the breast was on the move. He could see the boulders and lesser chunks jostling and slithering, a stony wave, maybe a hundred yards wide, thousands upon thousands of tons grinding down and gathering pace as they descended.

Two seconds he gave himself to reach a decision. Running forwards or backwards, he would never get clear in time. That avalanche would catch him, sweep over him, batter him to pulp. Twenty feet up the gully to his right was a great crack that went in deep. It offered the ghost of a hope. Nailed boots clattering in a desperate rush, he reached the crack, jumped down and crouched. Above, deafening noise boomed to a crescendo. His world went dark. He was aware of small, sharp stones pattering down his chest and hitting his knees. The din ebbed to lesser grindings, followed by silence.

He stared upwards, and saw that what had saved him was a huge boulder. One edge of it had lodged across and well down the wall of the crack. It left a slit three or four inches wide and some three feet deep. It gave him a thin shaft of daylight. It also gave him the certainty

of knowledge that there could be no hope whatever of escape by his own efforts. That boulder likely weighed five tons.

Something touched his left leg. He snatched down his hand in the semi-darkness and his fingers met warm, furry ears. Until then he had forgotten the terrier. It must have been close at his heels when he dashed for the crack.

He said aloud, grimly: "Tha'd have done better to stay at Iremouth. Ay. There, there's warmth an' food. Here, tha'll die, likely—wi' me."

Fly made those gurgling, affectionate noises. Maslin grunted. With the calm, slow patience of his kind, he began to examine his prison. It was simply a hole split in the granite, wide enough to take him without jarring elbows and shoulders against sharp flakes and edges, and deep enough to let him stand with his head bent. The roof was the lodged boulder.

He thrust up his hands and heaved, and realized that he might as well try to budge Scafell itself.

It was cold in this tomb, though protected from all wind. He could almost taste the dankness. He blew on his hands, thrust them deeper into the pockets of his old mack, and squatted on his haunches.

At once Fly rested a small muzzle on his knee. The terrier's breath came warm to his hand. Maslin had a pipe in his pocket, some black twist and three matches. He reckoned it was time to use one. With the strong reek of the tobacco comforting his nostrils, he sorted out what chances he might have of surviving. Down at Beckthwaite, there would be no worrying about him before nightfall, even if then. They might think he had made a day of it on the fells, called at one of the farms in the upper dale on his way back and decided to spend the evening there. His sister and his hired man, Joe Tryson, would likely go to bed about ten, reckoning he would be home later.

In the morning they would guess something had happened. The search party might try Ling Bank first and made a big cast southwards, and give up at dark, telling themselves they would search another spot next day. Sooner or later they would come up the gorge. Sooner or later. If he was alive then he could shout. How far would a shout carry up through this crack? And how near to it might any search party chance to wander?

There was a light scuffling, and Fly landed on his lap. For a second he was tempted to thrust the terrier down. The warmth of it on his thighs made him change his mind. Let the dog bide.

He went on smoking and sometimes glancing at the strip of sky above the crack. Once a buzzard crossed it with slow, strong wing-beats. Very faintly he could detect the harsh mewing of the bird. The sky itself varied. Sometimes it was blue, sometimes grey, sometimes whiteish, carrying cloud blowing in from the south-west.

The slow-burning twist lasted awhile. At length he scraped out the scrap of dottle and looked at his watch. It was only twenty past twelve. Sleep would help to pass the time, if he could manage it. But it would be a mistake to doze off during daylight hours, in case any human being came this way. Surely, if his ears could pick up the sound of footsteps, the maker of them could pick up his yelling from down here?

Fly yawned and nestled closer against him. Maslin said: "Tha'd have best stopped wi' Miss Darley. Ay." He grinned, thinking that he and the terrier were cooped up like binked foxes. Only, binked foxes had a chance. At least they could get out by the way they got in.

His hands were getting colder. He pressed them both over the terrier. He said, almost kindly: "For once, tha's useful."

Already the prickings of appetite were asserting themselves. Down at Beckthwaite, likely, they would be having tatie-pot for dinner, and rice pudding with cream. The mere conjecture sent saliva working underneath his tongue. Best not think about food. Nay. To help banish the craving, he schemed out in detail his plans for his few dale fields this coming season. The Horse Pasture, Tarn Ling and Peplus Rise would be for hay. He had led out the muck for them weeks since, but it had frozen quickly into solid mounds, impossible to scale until the thaw released it. He had limed the Home Bottom during the back end. After ploughing and mucking, it should grow a gey fine root crop.

Despite himself, his alertness grew duller through the afternoon. He put it down to the cold, pushed the terrier off his knees, and began to stamp and clap his hands to his chest in a constricted fashion. That helped a little. His feet were moderately warm in their wooden-soled clogs. Where he felt the chilliness most was down his kidneys.

Gradually the light in the slit above faded. He squatted with his back against the rock and closed his eyes. Fly scrambled on to his lap. Presently the cold went beyond the stage of pain and became an opiate. There was a long, blank period. He awoke to discover he was sitting in water up to his hips. Raindrops beat straight down through the slit above. There were dripping sounds from the runnels draining down the rock.

Soaked from the waist to the ankles, he stood

Joe held out his hand, but Fly kept on yapping, darting frantically back and forth, as if to lead him somewhere

Trapped in the rocks, he lit his pipe. The smoke might be seen above, but it was a slim chance

up, shivering. There were continuous, urgent splashings about his legs. He could feel Fly brushing against his shins and calves.

"Bide, there," he grunted.

But Fly went on splashing. Then the truth dawned on him. The water was a foot deep and the terrier had to keep on swimming to stay alive.

Maslin debated what to do about it. The terrier was useless. If they ever got out of here alive, Fly would go back to Miss Darley, to be pampered and overfed and idle. Now, if it had been one of his sheepdogs. . . .

Fly's paws were scrabbling at his knees. Maslin grunted again, this time less harshly, stooped, picked up the small, soaking body and tucked it inside his mack, above the tautness of his belt. The cold wetness seeped through against his ribs.

Some time after dawn the rain stopped and the sun came out to tinge the top of the slit with golden light. No warmth penetrated into the tomb. But it was better than being sprayed with rain. Inside his mack, the flanks of the terrier moved in and out with the rhythm of breathing. Fly had given up shivering and exuded a slight warmth. Maslin slid down his hand and Fly licked it.

During the endless morning he thought he heard the clinking of stones. That might be the boots of the search party. He turned his mouth up towards the slit and began to yell, the piercing, high-pitched hunting call of the dale. The excitement of it set Fly yapping. To Maslin, the noise inside the tomb was deafening. Yet he doubted if it would carry far in the world above. The huge boulder serving as a roof would probably mute most of it. Unless somebody came close to the boulder. . . .

That led him to another thought, sensible and stark. When they saw this mighty tilt of new scree, they would say: "If he's under yon, he's a dead 'un."

Ay, they would argue, it would be daft to scrammel about among the stuff for a dead man, when likely those thousands of tons were still loose, and liable to start sliding again. No sense in risking live men for the sake of a dead 'un.

With cold, deliberate fingers, he stuffed his pipe. The two matches had kept dry. He struck one, lit the black twist and puffed scented clouds up through the crack. They might catch sight of the smoke—if they were there.

A short spell of this puffing was all he could endure. His empty stomach revolted at the reek of the twist, and a spurt of sickness heaved up into his mouth. He waited half a minute, had another shot, and another. He dared not lay off the puffing too long, in case the tobacco went out.

Nothing happened. By this stage he was accepting the fact that nothing would ever happen. He had imagined the clinking sounds outside. He was getting light-headed. He had got to die in this hole in the rock, and the way to take it was to shut his mind and his eyes, and drift.

The deep puddle around his legs had failed to drain away. It was easier to sleep sitting down, but that meant squatting in the water, a more active misery. He jammed his heels against the opposite wall, pressed the small of his back against the rock behind him, and, partly wedged, waited for oblivion. Inside his mack, the terrier was snoring faintly.

Maslin's lips crinkled. Fly would be losing a deal of that pampered, Darley-fed fatness.

Oblivion claimed him. He knew nothing more until his eyelids flickered reluctantly under a shaft of light. It was piercing through the crack, a stab of direct sunshine. That meant it must be morning, for the fell-breast faced east.

He could scarcely feel his body, yet there was an awareness of something missing. His hand moved slowly inside his mack. The terrier had gone. It must have dropped into the water below and swum until it drowned. Fly was lucky. Ay.

Wearily, he moved his feet around in the water. Nothing soft touched them. The puzzle of it stirred his mind from dullness. He peered into the semi-gloom, and had almost abandoned wondering when he stared again at the crack above. Brownish fur and skin and blood. . . . Fly had squeezed a way through.

Maslin's brain was groping dimly. It dawned on him that the terrier must have thinned a deal in nearly two days of starvation. It must have crept out of his mack, on to his shoulders, and been riving away in that slit until its flanks were flayed. Tearing away hair and skin had given it the extra half-inch to wriggle clear.

He actually laughed. The dog had more guts than he'd thought. Maybe it would find the way back to Beckthwaite, and there they might guess something of what had happened, and try to make the terrier serve as a guide.

Maslin shook his head. That was expecting too much. There was no sense in hoping for life now. . . .

There was a clanking, a sharp clanking up above. Joe Tryson's voice came down through the crack.

"Are tha there?"

He was not dreaming. He could see a bit of Joe's chin, and his lips, and his teeth with the gap in the lower jaw.

Maslin shouted feebly: "Ay, for God's sake——"

Two hours they took to get him out. The great. grinding clank as the boulder was finally levered over set the scree quivering dangerously. They hauled him clear, and he lay on his back in the watery sunshine among a circle of dalesmen holding crowbars and shovels. Joe was tilting a flask of hot tea to his lips. Silly little noises, squeakings and gurglings, were near his face. He caught a glimpse of Fly, blood raw around the shoulders, wriggling with ecstasy.

Vaguely he heard Joe's voice. Joe was saying: "Yappin', it was, in stackyard. Dartin' forward an' back, an' yappin', as if to lead us somewhere. Reckoned the little beggar knew summat, ah did."

Maslin smiled. His hand felt out and fondled the terrier's ears.

"Wanted to sponge them wounds," Joe was saying, "before we started off, but he wouldn't be catched. Nay. Kept yappin' impatient like, an' dartin' ahead."

The hot, sweet tea was doing its work. Maslin struggled to sit up. He took Fly in his hands, gently.

"Tha's nae use to yon woman Darley. Ah'll give her five poond ten, an' tha'll bide with me."

THE END

ALONG MY LINE (3) *by Gilbert Harding*

I make my merry way through Cambridge

College days were carefree. Gilbert plunged wholeheartedly into a life of pranks and practical jokes. But far ahead lurked a dreaded ordeal—exams

I WAS STANDING on the steps of Senate House, Cambridge, making a speech. I had been to someone's twenty-first birthday celebration and now I was treating a huge crowd to a series of disconnected utterings, interspersed with scathing references to Town and Gown. While my words were being received with wild cheers from other undergraduates, my baggy, dishevelled aspect, and disparaging comments upon the good citizens of the university city, drew many black looks from passing townsmen.

This display lead to my appearance before Welbourne of Emmanuel. Looking at me coldly across the desk, the don said:

"In future, when you want to make a beastly nuisance of yourself, do not do it in the streets of Cambridge. Do so in your own college and so inflict the consequences of your presence here upon the college and not the townsfolk, who did not ask you to come here in the first place."

My own college was Queens', and I had gone up to Cambridge in October, 1925, to read history and modern languages—French and German. But I quickly settled for history alone and began to enjoy my three years at the university—in retrospect, the happiest of my life.

Queens' was a fairly quiet college with only occasional fireworks. It is interesting to look back and wonder how I could have found it amusing to break furniture, shatter diamond-paned windows with airgun pellets, or scrape my heavy boots over mellowed walls to avoid paying a small fine for coming in late.

I had yet to form my character and was, on the whole, a shy, timid lad. During the General Strike of 1926 I found that my sympathies on the whole were with the strikers and the trade unions. I did not approve of the hysterical volunteering by well-to-do and privileged young men in their efforts to break the strike. My views on the subject made me unpopular with some of the extreme hearties, and I learned that there was a movement to throw me in the river. I did not relish the prospect and carefully took pains to avoid a direct encounter with the bully-boys until the strike fever died down and my apostasy was forgotten.

Among the more harmless college pranks, I like to remember the incident of the chapel bell. Evening services were always announced by the striking of a few chimes at seven o'clock. One

Harding revisits Queens', where he spent his happiest years. "I wonder now how I found it amusing to shatter windows with an airgun, or scrape my heavy boots over mellowed walls"

Gilbert and Mrs. Gray, his landlady at Cambridge, recall his undergraduate days. They have stayed firm friends ever since

Harding found comfortable rooms at Mrs. Gray's. He was usually short of money, but staged some spectacular meals in college

evening a clever young man so arranged it that the chimes did not stop striking. To make sure of achieving the maximum amount of confusion, he locked the door leading up to the belfry. The chimes went on striking for nearly an hour before a second key was found and the excruciating racket silenced.

Some of our jokes were in pretty poor taste, particularly on Guy Fawkes night, when it was considered fashionable and amusing to put out all the town's street lamps. The final and supreme target of the night would be the lamps in the Market Square, where the police would rally in force. The proceedings usually ended with an equal score of jailed undergraduates and helmetless bobbies.

Pranks And Politics

On one occasion, I joined a group of Queens' men for an evening out at the New Theatre, where a particularly bad revue was playing. We each took with us a piece of rough calico. Whenever the poor girls of the chorus kicked their legs we tore our calico. The manager sent for the senior proctor, now Bishop of Ely. He was bitingly sarcastic about the manners of young louts who were cruel and ill-bred enough to embarrass people who, for little pay, were doing their best to entertain us. He was, of course, quite right.

The internal politics of the Union Society were sometimes very funny. We used to have what we called private business meetings. The biggest joke we played was when we found that the Union subscribed to the National Union of Students. Some of us took great exception to this, while Left Wing students were all in favour of it. At a private meeting, the Union Society secured the withdrawal of the subscription. The Left Wing boys demanded that it be restored. We decided to put the matter to vote.

Though I had no political animosity towards my colleagues of the Left, I took my stand on principle against them. In the rooms of Patrick Devlin, where I supplied the idea and Lord Clive and Devlin the money, we engaged upon a fine piece of political rigging.

On the morning of the poll, hundreds of men of the university received from us two communications. One was badly written and clumsily duplicated and posted without a stamp. It urged the recipient to vote for the National Union of Students. The other, properly stamped, lucidly written and magnificently printed, urged him to vote against them. As a result, even those who were indifferent about the whole thing were so annoyed at having to pay postage on what they thought was a disgracefully sloppy communication from the N.U.S. that they turned out in their hundreds to vote against resuming the subscription.

Merry "Cherub" Meetings

The poll went heavily in our favour. It was, I suppose, dishonest of me to think of the idea of sending both letters, but I argued: "When in politics, do as the politicians do."

My own political interests were, in those days, so vague that the first thing I did on arriving at Cambridge was to join all three political clubs —Liberal, Labour and Tory. At Queens' I belonged, to my great pleasure, to a club called The Cherubs. I can still remember how delighted I was when asked to join: for one thing, it entitled me to wear a magnificent tie. The Cherubs were very exclusive and we used to meet every Saturday evening, each member taking turns to be host in his rooms. We had many a merry meeting which always ended up in rowdyism. We were, therefore, somewhat unpopular with the college authorities.

I first discovered the dangers of "over fortification" at a Cherubs' dinner. One of the members was an undergraduate older than most, a married man, ex-Royal Flying Corps, called Charles Chapman, who afterwards became Assistant Postmaster-General. He very generously

The River Cam revives memories for Gilbert.

provided the drink. We assembled in our dinner jackets and smart Cherub bow ties. The sequence of cocktails, sherry, Chablis, claret, champagne and brandy was too much for me. At about two o'clock in the morning I "ceased upon the midnight with no pain" and passed out in the most spectacular fashion. My friends put me to bed and did the somewhat disagreeable tidying-up which was necessary. The incident gave me a sharp warning which I would have done well to heed.

Sometimes I would earn a little extra money during the long vacation by acting as a Cook's guide to visiting Americans. It was an arduous way of earning a few shillings.

Money remained a continual problem. Much as I loathed taking exercise, I was frequently obliged to do so on Sunday mornings, when some of us would cycle as fast as we could after morning service to a public house a few miles along Trumpington Road. The last arrival had to pay for drinks. Since I never had enough money for the round I was never the last.

Poverty could be irksome. There were so many things one could not do. It sickened me when I was not able to go to the theatre and cinema as often as my wealthier friends. It was worse still to feel tongue-tied and ill-informed when the latest shows were discussed.

This is not to say that I was abnormally unhappy. Cambridge had—and has—so much to offer the young and curious mind. Whenever

He often paddled a canoe under Queens' arched wooden bridge. Once, his craft overturned and, fully clothed, he was dragged out with a boathook

needy parents ask me whether it is worth while to send their children to the university, I always urge them to do so—provided the youngsters really want to go. Even if the parents' income is limited, any sacrifice is worth their while. However much the youngsters may feel the lack of pence, there is ample compensation in the company, the spirit of the place and the "clash of mind on mind" which are the real joys of Cambridge life.

"I Gave Up Drinking"

In my second year at Queens' there arrived with one of the universities missions Bishop Temple and a vigorous and violent evangelist called Nicholson. The sound and the fury of their dynamic preachings at the churches of Great St. Mary and Holy Trinity temporarily converted me to extreme Protestantism. I gave up drinking and smoking and went to the Cambridge camp of the Convention for the Deepening of Spiritual Life, at Keswick. After a month or two of profound and rather pompous "spirituality" I found I was not cut out for that type of tub-thumping, after all.

Among my claims to undergraduate fame is the fact that I was one of the first persons to burn incense inside King's Chapel. The Dean of King's, Eric Milner-White, being a High-Churchman, and the provost being acquiescent, permission was granted for incense to be used when three African bishops came to sing High Mass in the chapel during the universities missions assembly. I was detailed to burn the stuff, and, by heaven, I burnt it. I filled the place with its pungent, insidious odour and almost blotted out the whole proceedings. Incense hung in clouds everywhere and you could smell it for days afterwards—to the fury of Low-Churchmen like Dr. Mann, who liked things done "decently and in order."

I was nevertheless appreciative of other religious ceremonies. What gave me more pleasure than any other Cambridge ritual was the university sermon. Every Sunday in full term I would watch the procession leaving the Senate House (where I had disgraced myself with that drunken oration) and follow it to the church of Great St. Mary. On Scarlet Day I would be quite captivated as I watched the doctors in scarlet, followed by the proctors and their silk-hatted "bulldogs," those beefy but fleet-footed enforcers of undergraduate rules and regulations. Then came the Esquires Bedell, also wearing top hats, the professors, and finally the chancellor and the preacher.

Seeing all this against the medieval fretwork of Cambridge, I would be transported into a world of Tudor grandeur.

At other times, I would steal into the magnificent chapel of King's, which I had so effectively swamped with incense, and listen to the evening services. I am quick to tears (sometimes I cry at the pictures) and there was always a lump in my throat as I listened to the superb singing of the choir in that vast candle-lit chapel. These religious experiences were going to have a great effect on my future.

I hardly ever had meals alone. The day would begin with a breakfast party, and these could be quite splendid. Since I loathed my own society, I would begin each term by having enormous breakfast parties—on the strength of which I found myself being asked to breakfast for the rest of the term.

Ordered Giant Breakfasts

Rather than break my fast with tea and bread and butter and marmalade—horrid reminders of my schooldays—I would order several hot dishes from the kitchen and keep open house. As the kitchen porters brought in the dishes, there would be appreciative roars from my guests. Whisking away the covers, the porters would provide plates of porridge swimming in thick yellow cream, fried fish, choice of bacon and eggs and kidney or cold pheasant or partridge pie. College "gyps," or waiters, would then serve coffee and tea, and everything would be washed down with light ale, whisky, brandy and sherry.

One day an old Cambridge don, called Woollard, who frequently invited undergraduates to his breakfast table, was telling us of the vanished glories of the Victorian era. He

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NEW! THE JUICIEST EVER CHOCOLATE COCONUT BAR!

Here's the most wonderful sweet you ever tasted! Here's Bounty, the new chocolate thrill from the South Seas.

You'll love that creamy coconut! Even South Sea Islanders never knew it could be so juicy, so sweet!

You'll love that milk chocolate! Each chunky bar is covered thick with full-cream milk chocolate, made just the way you like it best!

Yes, you'll love Bounty. Everybody does. Treat yourself to a Bounty today.

BOUNTY

Two big chunky bars for 6d.

ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

Prepare now for hyacinth time! Fill your house and garden with the fragrance and colour of spring flowers—hyacinths, tulips and daffodils. Plant your bulbs now, but be sure when you buy to buy the best & ask your seedsman for advice on how to plant.

Halfway up Sutton Coldfield TV mast when it was being erected. Masts cost up to £50,000 and are built to withstand gales of 125 miles an hour

Martin McHale (right) holds the steel ball—the size of a tennis ball—on which the entire weight of the mast will eventually rest

Mac's daredevils walk the clouds for TV

by JOHN MAY

Martin McHale and his high-spirited gang are the spidermen who rig up the masts for television. They work 750 ft. up, in clouds, in thunderstorms—or with vultures waiting for them to drop

IT WAS FRIDAY, MAY 13, when the spidermen started building the 750-foot television mast at Sutton Coldfield. The mast grew dizzily to more than five times the height of Nelson's Column—so far without any accidents.

Then, as the job was finished off, watchers on the ground saw a tiny figure climbing upwards like an ant against the background of blue sky and rolling white clouds. It reached the very top—a foot-square plate for a warning light for aircraft—and stood precariously upright. The mast rocked in the breeze. Without a handhold or even a safety rope, the man pinnacled against the sky spread his arms.

On the ground below, the driver of the winch squinted upwards. "Look at yon crazy Mac up there," he said.

"I wanted to be able to say truthfully that I'd been to the top of the thing," says Martin McHale. "It was a great sensation. You stand there alone in the silence wondering if you're going to drop. If you do fall, you'll go into the lower maintenance platform 130 feet below. Or maybe you'll hit the structure and bounce out."

The television transmitting masts at Sutton Coldfield, Holme Moss, Kirk o' Shotts and Wenvoe were all built by the same gang. Martin McHale is the foreman erector for British Insulated Callendar's Construction Company, and Sandy Paxton the winch driver. When more television masts are built, Sandy and Mac will probably be on the job. Between times they work on pylons, radar and other radio masts in Britain and overseas; McHale was foreman when the Skylon was erected for the Festival of Britain. They are experienced men in a highly skilled but risky trade.

"Force of gravity is a thing that never goes off duty," Martin McHale warns visitors to the site when a mast is going up. He draws them away from the base, where a nut accidentally dropped by an erector may whang viciously to earth at almost bullet speed. Not long ago, in spite of a shout of "Below!" an engineer was hit on the shoulder by a six-inch bolt; he was felled as though he had been shot. It broke his collarbone, but he considered himself lucky that the bolt did not strike his head.

The first job on a site for a new television mast is to sort the ninety-odd tons of steel; every item is numbered and lettered. Meanwhile, Sandy Paxton places his motor winches pointing northwards, to avoid his eyes being dazzled by sun when he is hoisting men or steel. "Your winch must always be dead level and square to the mast, so that the wire never jerks," he says.

When a wire supporting a derrick pole snapped on a job overseas, the resulting jerk broke the sling hoisting a main leg weighing nearly three tons. The falling girder brushed two men off the tower. One fell fifty-five feet on to the concrete foundation. The other dropped six feet and was caught upside down by the seat of his overalls on a projection. Mac did a quick tightrope walk along a girder, grabbed him by the ankles and hauled him back.

Winch Brake Failed

A television mast is a slim, three-sided "pencil" held by three-way guys fastened to fifty-ton concrete anchors. "When you're 'upstairs,'" says Mac, "everything must be perfect. If anything big ever falls, it could cut one of the guy wires and bring the whole mast crashing down."

To avoid catching on guy points and projections, everything hauled up the mast is pulled outwards by a manilla tail line, with up to six men hauling on it from the ground. The tail line frequently causes fun. Once, releasing a line temporarily tied to a stake, an erector caught his foot in the noose. The sagging rope dragged him across the field on his back, and two dogs

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The photographs of Peter Churchill and Odette in this issue were specially taken by William Kemp, John Bull's senior photographer, during an extensive tour of the scenes of their adventures. Above, Churchill shows Odette the field at Tournus which was cleared of stones so that a British plane could land

IN the special detachable Supplement which begins on the facing page, JOHN BULL presents a dramatic story that has never yet been told in full—the wartime meeting in France of Captain Peter Churchill, young British officer detailed to lead a group of French patriots, and Odette Sansom, French-born housewife and mother who had volunteered to join the Resistance movement.

JOHN BULL'S exclusive story of that meeting—printed here in advance of book publication—is told by Captain Churchill himself. He is the man for whom Odette suffered incredible tortures when they were subsequently captured by the Nazis; she refused to betray the man she had learned to love during their perilous adventures together.

For her heroism, Odette was awarded the George Cross, one of Britain's highest honours for bravery; she has taken her place with the most famous women in the history of the world.

A John Bull exclusive Supplement. For the first time, Captain Peter Churchill tells the full story of how he met the girl who became the most famous fighter in the French Resistance—Odette Churchill, G.C.

MY WIFE ODETTE

by Captain PETER CHURCHILL

I HAVE TOLD THIS STORY in the third person, for those exciting days of 1942 are far off, and it seems now, in the peacetime London of 1953, that the events I am narrating happened to somebody else. Throughout, I have used the name by which I was known in France: Michel. The secret code name of my wife Odette was Lise.

★ ★ ★

Michel's third visit to France was drawing near to the time when the R.A.F. would pick him up and ferry him back to England. It was 1942, and he was in Cannes, British liaison officer to Carte, chief of the Resistance for the seventeen towns of the south-east area.

The mounting crescendo of his life was now to be temporarily muted by the tiresome arrival of four new men and three women, all of whom were merely passing through. The women were something new to his district.

Antoine, a sympathizer in Antibes, had agreed to take the four men, and it seemed eminently fitting that the women should come under Suzanne's wing. She was a beauty specialist who used her shop as a "front" for the group. There was sure to be plenty of washing and ironing to do after the ten days and ten nights in an open boat, and Suzanne would know all about hairdressers and the hundred and one other things essential to women's comfort.

By 10.15 on November 2 the decks were clear for action. If they came, as expected, on the morning express from Marseilles, they would be arriving at any moment. Suzanne had economized her gas so as to cater for at least two baths, and Michel had done the same in his flat. On the sideboard lay a large plate bearing succulent French gingerbreads, and nearby stood two bottles of red wine.

"Here they come!" announced Suzanne, who was looking through the window. She went to open the front door.

Led by Marsac, one of Carte's lieutenants, there entered the scruffiest bunch of tramps Michel had ever seen. The women were not so bad; they had succeeded in repairing the worst ravages of the journey. Michel shook hands with Marsac and said: "Bravo! Do you mind taking these men up to Antoine's now?"

Then he turned to welcome the women. "This is Suzanne," he said. "She is your hostess and this is her flat."

Each woman then introduced herself, thus enabling Michel—who already knew their names from a wireless message—to see which name applied to which.

The eldest of the group was a grey-haired woman of considerable character and gaiety. Michel put her at fifty-two years of age. She was inclined to break into English rather too often for his liking, and he warned her gently to beware of this tendency. Undaunted by her adventure in an open boat, she declared that within a short space of time her requirements would be reduced to a visit to the hairdresser and then she would catch her train to join her husband near Clermont-Ferrand.

The next woman was about twenty-seven years of age, and seemed quite unsuited for this sort of life. But there it was; the outward and visible show was nothing to go by.

As for the third, Michel put her down at about twenty-five. Her name was Lise. From her mop of light-brown hair, swept back to reveal a rounded forehead, down to a pair of discerning eyes, there emanated a distinct aura of challenge that was intensified by the determined set of her chin below a somewhat colourless face. A fearless look suggested that not even the thought of prisons held any terrors for this girl; so much so that, in the flash of time he gave to his snap judgment of her, it occurred to Michel that she might not bother to take all the precautions she should to avoid capture.

But what took and held his gaze above all else were the hands—hands such as he had never seen before in his life. They were long, with slim, capable fingers; as the left one held the wineglass and the other broke off pieces of cake, he observed the tell-tale expanse between thumb and forefinger, denoting extravagance, generosity, impetuosity; the ambition in the index fingers; the unusually wide gap between them and the second fingers, showing independence of thought only matched by the independence of action that almost cried out from the gaping valleys between the fourth and little fingers.

At the moment, the second and third fingers on the left hand were overlapping in a shy gesture, as though seeking each other's company. Or was it to hide the platinum wedding ring?

Although these observations impinged on Michel's mind in about the space of time required for a picture to reflect on to the film of a camera, it was not fast enough to pass unobserved by Lise, for when his eyes returned to her face a slightly pouting mouth suggested that his impact upon her did not inspire either approval or any promise of harmony.

The morning's arrangements passed without a hitch, and at lunch the three women were looking as elegant as possible in the rather austere outfits provided for them by the Section.

It was after lunch that the challenge broke into words. While her two companions rested comfortably on their beds, Lise tackled Michel. "This reception's all very nice, but I'm anxious to get on with the job, and I'm supposed to go to Auxerre," she said.

"I know you're going to Auxerre, Lise," said Michel patiently, "but you'll need a guide to take you across the demarcation line, and for a day or so everyone's tied up. In the meantime, the best thing you can do is to relax and get yourself acclimatized to the atmosphere of the country. I suggest you have a good rest."

"I don't need any rest, thank you."

"Well, I'm afraid I have one or two things to attend to, Lise, so you'll have to excuse me."

He left her with Suzanne and went out, and returned to the flat towards 5.30. The door was opened to him by Suzanne, who warned him with a finger to her mouth not to disturb her sleeping charges. Michel tiptoed along the corridor, stopped and listened at the first closed door and then, satisfied by the regular breathing, moved to the next, which he found ajar. He peered in and smiled. Lise was asleep, with a look of childlike peace upon her face.

During the following day, Lise's two companions left for their destinations. Michel's attempts to get a guide for Lise had failed.

"If I've got to hang around here, give me a job," she said. "I don't mind what it is."

"Can you ride a bicycle?" he asked.

"Certainly! What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to go to Juan-les-Pins. When you get there leave the Provençal Hotel on your right and go straight up to the top of the hill. Just over the brow you'll find a sharp

Captain Churchill's story will be published next month by Hodder and Stoughton at 12s. 6d., under the title of "Duel of Wits." It will bear the following dedication:

THIS BOOK is dedicated to my beloved Arnaud, the late Captain Alec Rabinowitch, a violent, difficult, devoted and heroic radio operator, and, through him, to all underground men and women of his supreme calibre who died, as they lived, in solitude. Their feats are legendary, and beyond all military awards. Their words, their bearing and their acts are proudly handed down from father to son in the French homes which they endangered, enriched and also helped to save by their presence in the hour of darkness.

Arnaud

Odette (Lise) and Peter Churchill (Michel) revisit Cannes. The house behind them held their headquarters

Chez Robert was Churchill's private sanctuary. He took Odette there to celebrate her first secret mission

Through this spyhole in the door of his flat, Peter Churchill could size up his callers. Friend—or Gestapo

right-hand turn. Take it, and four hundred yards down on the left you'll see a villa called Les Jonquilles. Ask to see Carte. Give him these messages, which you must hide on you, and wait for the answers. It's about seven kilometres each way. All right?"

"Yes," said Lise rather timidly.

"Then repeat the directions."

Lise complied and got them off word perfect. So they did teach women something, thought Michel. He said, rather more kindly: "Lise, you'll find a blue bicycle downstairs. Here's the key for the chain-lock, and Suzanne will tell you the best way out of the town."

She took the key and left the room in search of Suzanne. Riquet, the group's chief courier, came in a few minutes later and said that he had heard Lise was going to Juan; he could save her the trouble, he added.

"Nice of you," said Michel, "but I'm only sending her on a sort of trial trip. I want to see how long it takes her."

"Oh, I see," said Riquet. "New-Agent-Goes-Through-Hoop." He walked to the window to watch her departure as Michel spread a Michelin map on the table to pin-point another dropping zone. Presently a resounding crash of metal came up to them from the street, ending with the shrill note of the bell.

"That," announced Riquet, "was Lise and her hoop." He then proceeded to give a running commentary. "She's looking most annoyed. She's dusting herself off. She's inspecting a rather attractive knee. Oh, my best stockings!" he clowned. "She's dabbing her knee with a handkerchief . . . Blood! Oh, Mother, look what that nasty man's made me do! She's gripping the handlebars sternly . . . her leg's through the gap . . . her foot's on the pedal. We're off! We're on! We're off! We're on again. She's swaying . . . she's just missed a dog . . . she's round the bend."

"She certainly must be round the bend," said Michel, without moving, "to say she can ride a bicycle if she can't."

"Attractive, though, in an odd way," mused Riquet.

"Very odd way," said Michel, reminding himself to have another look at her when she got back.

About three hours later, towards 12.30, after he had concluded his business with Arnaud, his wireless operator, they were both smoking and talking.

"My God!" suddenly exclaimed Arnaud. "There's a walking dead coming through the gate and trailing a heap of scrap iron. Come and have a look."

Michel got up and went over to the window. "Look out for squalls," he warned. "And, Arnaud, don't go all goosey when she comes in."

As Lise entered the room, Michel had his hand up to his forehead as though concentrating deeply on some papers before him. He did not wish to appear conscious of the ladders in her stockings, on which his eyes were accurately focused through a gap in his fingers. Only when the girl was close to the table opposite him did he look up with perfectly feigned surprise, and say: "Oh, Lise! You're back all right, then."

"Of course I am," she replied.

Turning his head towards Arnaud and back again to the girl, he introduced them casually. "Lise, this is Arnaud. He works the radio."

Arnaud walked over to the girl and held out his hand. He put on a smile that would have melted an iceberg, to accompany his greeting: "*Enchanté*, Lise." Her return smile was the first Michel had seen. He thought it well worth waiting for, even though it was for someone else's benefit.

"What do I do now?" asked the girl, fearing that Michel would be tied up for the rest of the afternoon, and eager to receive her instructions first.

"Lise, I've got a tricky one for you. You needn't do it if you don't feel up to it," he said.

"What do you think couriers are sent out for? To ride bicycles up and down this artificial coastline? Or is that all you think they can do?" came her reply.

Michel looked at her, and realized that she would take him up on anything. Well, she might just as well drop in from the deep end right at the start. He would give her the works and see if she still came up for more.

"I want you to take four new men to Marseilles tomorrow and see them on to their connections. Three of them are English, and they feel a bit strange.

"Now, Lise," Michel went on, looking at the girl intently. "Marseilles at the moment is an ugly town, full of traps, raids and other disagreeable surprises.

"The people you must be on your guard against are the armed Vichy troops in blue uniforms and the glowering gentlemen in civilian clothes who are liable to be checking papers. These are the Gestapo. I need hardly tell you that with the sort of papers with which we're provided by the Office, you can pass these men with your nose in the air. Okay?"

"Fine," said Lise.

"Having got rid of your charges," went on Michel, "you then leave the station by the buffet exit. Strangely enough, there is no check point there.

"When you get out, walk along the side of the station until you come to a vast flight of steps leading down to the town. Go down them on the left side and stay on the left-hand pavement so as to avoid the Hotel Splendide, opposite. It's the H.Q. of the Gestapo. Go down to the Canebière—the main street—and turn right."

Then at high speed he rattled off intricate instructions. She had to pick up a suitcase of clothes from one man, and pay a Monsieur Gontrand in Aix-en-Provence fifty thousand francs for keeping a reserve of petrol by for the Resistance. "When you've done this, come back," he finished. "Have you got it, Lise?"

"Yes, I think so," replied the girl.

"Repeat it, then," said Michel.

Michel was surprised by the speed of Lise's recital. He had a suspicion that she was trying to imitate his style of delivery, but the impetuous flow was not entirely accurate. He corrected the discrepancies and told her to go and repeat the details to herself in the next room until it was absolutely correct. Next day, the convoy departed.

"What Had Happened To Lise?"

November 5 dawned bright and sunny, with the promise of continued warm weather. Michel went over to Catherine's flat in Cannes, his second H.Q., for the day's normal routine meetings. When Lise had not shown up by eleven o'clock, he made arrangements for all trains from Marseilles to be met.

At two thirty, Lise had still not returned, and Michel began to get worried. He had to attend a rendezvous at Antoine's house, timed for 3 p.m. There he learned that the Italian Army was to occupy the zone on November 11. He cycled back from the meeting to find that Lise had still not returned. Arnaud and Catherine were looking concerned.

"Where's Lise?" said Arnaud.

"Search me," said Michel, suddenly aware of slight thunder in the air.

"Where did you send her?"

"Marseilles."

"Fancy sending her to that pit of sodomy before she's had time to catch her breath!"

"What d'you expect me to do with her? Stick her in a glass case? If she were my courier she'd have to go wherever I sent her."

"May the Lord protect her from such a dreadful fate!" flamed up Arnaud. "I hope she clears off fast."

"You're a liar."

"And you're a callous bastard. I always knew it." Arnaud stormed out of the room, slamming the door so hard that one of the pictures fell off the wall. Catherine walked over, without a word, to pick it up. As Michel jumped up to help her, she told him politely but coolly that she did not require his help.

He walked slowly over to the door and, turning, said: "*Bonsoir*, Catherine."

"*Bonsoir*, Michel," she replied, without turning her head.

Michel closed the door silently behind him and walked down the steps and into the street. He automatically unchained his bicycle and rode back to his flat. Once inside, he went into the kitchen and poured himself a glass of wine, which he drank off at one draught. He then lit a cigarette and lay on his bed.

That Arnaud should go off his rocker was one thing; he was unpredictable, and frequently got steamed up. But that Catherine, of all people, should support him was quite another. What was the matter with them? What was so terrible about Marseilles? True, he had warned Lise of what to expect, but after all. . . .

He jumped off the bed and walked to the window. He looked at his watch. It was six twenty-five. "Two more trains," he said to himself. "The seven fifty-three which George is looking after, and the eleven thirty-seven." He decided to meet them both himself. He would send George, one of the couriers, off to his dinner when he found him.

Almost an hour and a half before the first was due. How could he fill in the time and stop thinking? Why the dickens did they have to send women out here? What had animated his desire to test this girl's memory, resource and courage? Who was Lise, anyway, and what sort of a person was she?

Waited Miserably At The Station

He went back into the kitchen and drank some more wine. Then, taking out his bicycle, he cycled vaguely towards Antibes to fill in time. Five minutes before the seven fifty-three was due in, Michel joined the crowd outside the gate. Four minutes later he spotted George and told him not to wait.

Presently the train came in and the passengers began streaming towards the exit. He waited until they had all passed the gate, but Lise was not among them.

Dinner was out of the question, and the thought of the three and a half hours' wait until the last train was due lay like a lump of lead in Michel's stomach.

At last it was time to meet the eleven thirty-seven. Below the dim street lighting, Michel joined the small, silent crowd. He walked slowly up and down by the wall of the advance-luggage office, smoking the umpteenth Gauloise of that evil day. With his head slightly bowed and his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets, he was as inconspicuous in that gathering as one grain of sand beside the next.

His heart began to beat faster and his mouth went dry as the first passengers reached the gate. He stood back near the wall, away from the others, and had an uninterrupted view of the subway exit. In his anxiety he found his eyes veering off to the gate as well, lest he had missed her at the first point. Then, realizing his folly, he looked back; but he was sure he must have missed her.

Most of the passengers were now past and the rest were thinning out. Michel saw that he was almost alone. Soon the gaps grew wider between the last to come. His heart sank into his boots. He put his hand against the wall to steady himself, for he had had little to eat during the past twelve hours. And then, there, like a miracle, struggling with a huge suitcase, came Lise.

Swallowing down the lump that had come in his throat, Michel stood still, watching the girl. His delight at seeing her was almost spoilt by his feeling of guilt at having so thoughtlessly omitted to consider the weight of the case.

As she gave up her ticket and walked out into the yard, he observed the proud tilt of her head, the look of independence, the absence of self-pity. Staggering under the weight of the enormous case, she still managed to launch her aura of challenge into the night.

He walked out of the shadows towards her, surprised that she did not turn her head. He took the case from her hand and slipped his arm through hers.

He squeezed her arm lightly to show his pleasure at her return, and said: "Well done, Lise! We were beginning to get worried about you. You must be very tired."

"I am, rather," smiled the girl, "and I feel as if I could eat a small horse."

"Well, that can be attended to, at least," said Michel. "But it won't be a horse, exactly. I think I can promise

you a piece of cow, though." He led her gaily to his private sanctuary, Chez Robert. At first in snatches—as course followed course—and then in longer bursts, Lise unfolded her adventures.

All had gone well as far as Marseilles, and then the fun had started. One of the four men—an Englishman—had lost his nerve at the spectacle of the Gare St. Charles crowded with German soldiers.

"I know the feeling," sympathized Michel. "You almost imagine that neon lights are blinking from your forehead and proclaiming, on and off, 'Made in England.'"

"He started getting nervous at Toulon when the train pulled in and the loud-speakers announced, *'Hier ist Toulon'* and then he got on to the first train back to Cannes," she said.

After dispatching the three other men, Lise had successfully completed her mission. By then, it was too late to do the double journey to Aix-en-Provence. After giving her dinner, one of her contacts had fixed her up with a private room in one of the only safe places in the town—a brothel—and she had spent a nerve-racking and sleepless night because the place had been raided by German military police in search of deserters. The only reason they had not searched her room was that the woman who ran the place—a patriot—told the M.P.s that her niece was sleeping in it and that she had scarlet fever.

Lise gave Michel these bare outlines with about as much emotion as one might employ in describing an afternoon's shopping excursion. "This morning," she ended, "I attended to the garage business, and here I am."

"Lise," said Michel, "you've done a top-line job, and I congratulate you."

"Thank you, sir," she said, in a tone suggesting she had done it only to fill in time until she could go to Auxerre and get down to some serious work.

"Lise," said Michel presently, "this Auxerre business. . . . Why don't you drop it and stay here?"

"If I stayed anywhere it would more likely to be in Marseilles, where things are happening, and not in this one-eyed hole. In any case," she went on, as though to soften the blow, "London would never hear of it."

"Of course, it's up to you, Lise, but I've got no courier, and I'd be simply delighted if you'd stay. With you and Arnaud, there'd be no stopping us."

"Michel, I appreciate the suggestion, but. . . ." She walked into the trap. "I'm willing to bet anything you like that London would never play."

"I'll take you up on that, Lise."

"How much?" asked Lise, reflecting the rue de la Paix in one eye, and Bond Street in the other.

"Fifty thousand," said Michel softly.

"Make it one hundred thousand," said Lise, still more softly.

"I shall be in Antibes tomorrow morning, so when you see Arnaud at the flat, ask him to send this simple message: May I keep Lise?"

Argued With London About Lise

Within twenty-four hours of his message to London, Arnaud presented Michel with their reply. Apart from a rather distasteful look his expression was non-committal. Michel read: Send Lise to Auxerre as originally planned stop surely Carte can provide means of crossing demarcation line.

Without a word, Michel wrote on a piece of cigarette paper the two words: Lise indispensable. He handed it to Arnaud.

During the course of the day he met Lise. Her crowing jubilation at the result of their bet was not at all flattering, to say the least of it.

"Will you give me another twenty-four hours?" he asked her.

"If it can give you any pleasure to have it rubbed in," she bubbled gaily.

Next day, the still inscrutable Arnaud brought him his fate. Among three other messages he found what he was looking for: Oh very well.

It was a lucky thing that Michel had got Lise to deliver the money in Aix-en-Provence for black market petrol. On the day before the R.A.F.'s landing to pick up five French generals, Carte and

In Arles, Odette, Peter Churchill and Latour (second from left) meet Doctor and Mme. Beraud in the room where they listened to the B.B.C. on the doctor's radio. Churchill was waiting to be flown to Britain

himself, he was able to arrange motor transport from Marseilles.

Wearing their thickest clothes and carrying heavy coats, they set off on the first lap. At Marseilles they got in touch with Marsac, who was taking a separate carload to the rendezvous, and, then found Gontrand, the man who supplied the petrol, at a prearranged café. Their drive took them through Aix and then about thirty kilometres farther inland.

On one stretch of road they ran straight into a French control. When Michel spotted the two hefty gendarmes standing in the middle of the road signalling the car to halt, he wondered how Gontrand would get out of this mess, for he had no papers.

"Your papers!" challenged the larger of the two state policemen.

Gontrand produced his driving licence.

"I don't mean that," said the man. "I want your permit for this journey."

"I'm afraid I haven't got one," said Gontrand.

"In that case, I want to see all your identity cards," said the man suspiciously. "And I shall require you to come along with me to the station."

"Oh, officer," began Gontrand, "this is a perfectly innocent journey. I'm only obliging this young couple by driving them to Manosque for private reasons. You know how long it takes to get these permits. I told them I'd take them at my own responsibility. You'll see us coming back presently. You simply must trust me."

There was a moment's deadly silence, during which their fate hung in the balance, and then the big gendarme shrugged his shoulders and said: "All right. You may proceed this time."

Soon they drew up in a clearing beside the main road where the farm was located. At least three other cars were already parked there for all to see. The new arrivals joined the large group that anxiously awaited them in the bedroom upstairs. There was much hand-shaking and several new people to meet.

Carte, Vautrin—a senior officer of the French secret service—the Cannes police chief and Paul stood in one group. Next to them were the five chosen generals.

The generals appeared highly elated at the prospect of flying off to England, but Michel wondered what the Section would think of Carte when they saw these aged Blimps, for not one of them looked a day under seventy. He feared that if ever the aircraft took off with this ancient cargo, there might be some severe casualties on the way through sheer fright.

Next to this happy group was the flare-path crowd under the command of Marsac. Michel asked him if he had the torches. He said that he had not got them but that Carte might possibly have entrusted them to someone else. Michel made a point of asking Carte the same question in front of Vautrin. Carte had to confess that nobody had any torches.

"You'll forgive me for saying this, Carte," said Michel in a clear voice, "but you assured me that this detail would be taken care of. Fortunately, I've brought a spare set."

By now it was 9.30, and time to be going. Everyone left the farmhouse and moved slowly across the moonlit fields towards the landing-ground. The French airman who, according to Carte's previous assertion, knew all about this field, was in the lead. Michel and Lise followed with the others.

The airman stopped at one end of the field and waited for Michel. It was a queer-looking field, lying in a hollow, and Michel hardly expected this to be it; but perhaps his eyes were not yet accustomed to the dark.

"Well, here we are," said the ex-pilot.

"All right," said Michel. "If the flare-path men will follow me I shall count out the 150-metre intervals."

Hidden Danger On The Ground

Paul and the police chief remained at what was to be the first lamp position, which Michel was to occupy, but, as no one wanted to miss the fun, the rest followed. He counted out 150 paces and placed his second man; 150 more and the third was in position; at the 450-yard mark he posted number four. All along he noticed with satisfaction that the surface was excellent, even if the field did look narrow.

It was between the fourth and fifth man that Michel's fears were realized. Half-way to the fifth position the party had to climb a bank five feet high that ran diagonally across the entire field. It was a bank that would have upset a motor car doing forty miles per hour. What it would do to an aircraft at ninety miles per hour was so clear to Michel that the first four lamp positions must now be scrapped out of hand. He only hoped there might be sufficient length beyond the rise to use the rise, or a spot just beyond it, as the first lamp position, and start the whole thing over again from there.

But, on looking beyond this hazard in all directions, he saw to his horror that the ground sloped downhill to a boundary of high trees not four hundred yards away; the hundred-yard mark was crossed by a ditch deep enough to knock the tail skid off any aircraft.

With murder in his eyes, Michel looked at Carte. "Where are the sixteen hundred metres of length and eight hundred metres of width which I explained were the minimum essentials, and that you promised were here? And who is the expert who considers this death-trap suitable for a bomber?"

Carte pointed out the tall young man wearing a leather coat and said: "He did; and, since he's an airman, he ought to know."

Michel turned to this madman and said: "What planes have you flown?"

"Potez Forty-threes," came the answer.

On hearing the name of this archaic flying-machine, Michel nearly collapsed, for everyone who took any interest in aviation knew that these obsolete aircraft were able to land on a tiny space at twenty-five miles per hour in a following wind.

Michel was beside himself with impotent rage. His language surpassed anything that Arnaud had ever used. The more he felt Lise's presence, the more he thought she—as well as everyone else within range—might as well know, once and for all, just what he thought of this scandalous fiasco.

As he peered anxiously round for a solution — any reasonable patch of ground where his friends could squeeze in a landing and take-off—the final crowning blow put paid to all his hopes. There, distinctly, came the approaching drone of the Hudson. It *would* have to come at 10.15, into the bargain.

Carte, backed up by the crazy Potez pilot, shouted at him to line up the torch-bearers, saying that the R.A.F. could land anywhere.

With a prodigious effort, Michel controlled his murderous rage and concentrated all his faculties. Everyone looked at him in a dead silence. What was he going to do? He thought of the pilot and his crew, and knew that this was the zero hour of their operation. He thought of his friends of the French Section waiting on the aerodrome in England and laying odds with each other that everything would be all right, because of his past successes in other fields.

There was no doubt in Michel's mind that the general disappointment and unanimous blame for a failure would be laid at his door, instead of at Carte's. But even that was better than the certain loss of an aircraft and possibly most of its crew.

He looked round the group and said "I refuse to signal the plane."

The roaring plane came down low over their heads and began to circle the field as though imploring him to do something. It spent about twenty minutes hurtling round and kicking up a noise loud enough to wake the dead.

Finally, it headed for home, and the party, with Carte and the airman still piling recriminations on his head, moved out of the bowl and up the side of the nearby ridge. When they reached the top, still mumbling with their remaining breath, a deadly hush came over the assembly, and all stood as still as statues. Michel followed their gaze. There, stretching out before him, lay an abandoned two thousand metre long aerodrome. . . .

Stopped By Policeman In Street

Lise and Michel returned by train to Cannes to get on with routine business and to prepare the next attempt. Meanwhile, Arnaud was kept busy with the railway sabotage programme.

During this short period of comparative respite, Michel made a stupid mistake by cycling the wrong way up a one-way street. Before he could turn round, he was stopped by a policeman, who took full particulars. As usual, he gave Antoine's address as his domicile.

On the following day a message from London said: "Operation will be carried out December moon at Chanoines Arles T for Tommy 12 subject you check on ground in person soonest."

Michel brought out the Michelin map covering the Arles area and pin-pointed the code position of T 12. Then he called for Lise.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I want you to go to Arles and get in touch with Jacques Latour at this address." He wrote it down. "Go with him to a spot called Chanoines, which is just here on this map. You—and not he—will be responsible for finding this exact spot, measuring out the field with long steps and seeing that it adds up to sixteen hundred metres in length, that it has the same width as the Vinon aerodrome, and a good hard surface and no trees or telegraph poles. Is this all clear?"

"Perfectly," said the girl.

"Very well, then," said Michel. "You start off tomorrow morning. Tonight, perhaps you'd like to join me for dinner."

They went to Robert's restaurant for

the first time since Lise's late return from Marseilles about two weeks previously. Quietly they discussed the events of the past few days. Towards the end of the meal, as Lise had successively turned down Michel's offer of a liqueur and a cigarette, he said: "You're an odd one, Lise. You don't smoke, you don't drink and you don't swear. All that'll have to change, you know. You can't belong to this crazy racket without even biting your nails."

"None of these things will ever change, Michel," she said firmly. "I simply don't like alcohol or tobacco, and the word *'zut'* has served me well for many years."

"Careful, Lise," warned Michel. "One must not say, 'Fountain, of thy waters I will never drink.' "

"And yet that is what I do say about these three things," said Lise. "Nor do I blame you in the least for making a hobby of them yourself."

"You make it sound very bad, Lise," said Michel.

"Not at all. I know you're one of the old hands in this business, and I judged you harshly on our first meeting. It was because you looked so spruce and I so dishevelled from the trip."

"Yet, despite your handicap, I judged you then as I do today," said Michel.

"A real Frenchman might have put that in another way," suggested the girl, teasingly.

"You know what I meant."

"Tell me, Michel, what makes you come back here time and time again?" inquired the girl.

"I've always hankered after Mediterranean cruises," said Michel, "and it's taken a war for me to be able to winter in the south of France." He watched Lise's expression as he spoke all this nonsense, then added, "How about you? Tell me something about yourself, Lise."

"There's nothing to tell," she said.

"Come off it, Lise. Let your hair down. It won't do you any harm."

"Well, since you ask," she replied, with a faraway look, "I am the mother of three little girls."

"Good God!" exclaimed Michel, in surprise. "How on earth could you have left them?"

"It's a long story, Michel."

"It's going to be a long war, Lise, so get weaving."

Lise Tells Michel About Herself

"When France fell," she began, "French people in England had to put up with some nasty remarks. Of course, one got over that stage, and afterwards all became kindness and sympathy." Lise stopped momentarily, as though thinking of those times. Michel waited.

"After a good share of the London raids I went down to Somerset with the girls. The bombers occasionally passed overhead, but they were not for us. I was happy and very busy, and yet there was plenty of time to think. It suddenly struck me how very easy it all was for me to spend the rest of the war behind the comfortable barricade of motherhood while others in similar circumstances over here were putting up with the Occupation."

"I see," mused Michel, who had been studying her hands as she spoke. "Where did you park the infants?"

"In a convent at Brentwood. They've got two splendid aunts and a devoted uncle who'll share them in the holidays, and they'll never know I'm not doing a job in Scotland, as I said I was."

"How old are they?" asked Michel.

"Marianne is seven, Lily is nine, and Françoise is ten."

"And where is their father?"

"He's in the army. But don't imagine he could have stopped me doing this job. . . . I'm inclined to arrange these things on my own."

"That doesn't surprise me in the least, Lise. And now you come under the command of a complete stranger."

"No one's a complete stranger who's doing this job."

Lise set off next day on her mission, and Michel remained at Cannes. Catherine's flat was a busy centre throughout the day. During the afternoon, Antoine called and informed him that two police inspectors had called at his villa, asking if Michel lived there. Having said that this was so, they then asked if he was in. Antoine had replied that he was absent in Paris on business but that he was expected back in four days' time.

"A good moment to move to the second flat in the Dunes, I think," said Michel. "It'll just keep me one jump ahead of them."

"Well, let's wait until they do call back, and that will give Suzanne a chance to look over the new place and get it in order."

"All right," said Michel. "Let's leave it like that—and thanks, Antoine."

"It's Not Safe For You To Stay"

During the evening, when Michel was back at his flat, there was a ring at his door. He was not expecting anyone. Sliding the gadget in his front door gently to one side, he saw that it was Suzanne. He opened the door.

"Michel," said his friend, in a hitherto unknown conspiratorial whisper, "I don't think it's safe for you to stay here any longer."

"Why, what's up?" he asked.

"Two inspectors from the Prefecture called at the flat only half an hour ago. I was just finishing up before going home, and fortunately none of our people was there. They asked a lot of awkward questions about the purposes for which the flat was used. I played the injured innocent rôle quite easily, and they pretended to swallow it; however, my intuition tells me there may be a tie-up in their minds between these two places. There's something very queer in the air."

"Well done, Suzanne," said Michel, beginning to pack his belongings. He spoke to her as he moved around the flat. "I'll have everyone tipped off not to use your place any more for the time being."

After her departure, Michel strapped his case on to the back of his bicycle and filled the panniers with odds and ends After a last look round the flat that had served him so well for almost three months, he closed the door upon it for the last time.

Catherine was only too pleased to offer him temporary or permanent hospitality. She already had a Hungarian refugee composer in one of her bedrooms, besides Lise and herself. She offered Lise's room to Michel, saying: "She won't be back for some time, I imagine."

Michel turned in early and slept like a log. Despite the constant dread of nocturnal arrest, he was always a good sleeper.

He awoke to find Lise looking into his face.

"Where the devil am I?" He managed a bleary smile.

"While I talk my way through half a dozen Italian control posts, in the curfew, you're sleeping in my bed, *mon cher*," she said good-naturedly

"Good heavens, Lise, I didn't expect you back as soon as this."

"The London message you gave me distinctly said that the Chanoines reconnaissance was an urgent matter."

"The moon period doesn't begin until December the fourteenth, and it's only the second today."

"Well, I'll be. . . ."

"Go ahead and say it, Lise."

"Zut, alors!" came Lise's shocking expletive.

On December 12, Lise, Michel and a small company of couriers set off for Arles. The B.B.C. message transmitted to Arnaud for the Chanoines operation was: *"Deux et trois font cinq."* All they would have to do was listen for this message on several radio sets every evening; if it came up, it would mean the aircraft was due between 10 p.m. and 2 a.m. that night. Arnaud remained behind, and Suzanne was to bring Michel the daily messages every other day.

Riquet booked four tickets for lunch in the dining-car before they took their seats in a second-class compartment. The Anglo-French table was a very gay affair, for all four were good friends. When the bill arrived, Michel settled it and put down the usual two francs for each person on the little brown tickets placed at each table by the waiter. These represented the Winter Relief Fund for children, and Lise knew about them from her own abundant experience of train travel.

On this particular day she was in an impish and impudent mood and, looking at the brown tickets, she picked up one of them, saying: "I know the very person who should be paying this slight offering."

"Now, Lise," said Michel, "for goodness sake don't start anything stupid."

Of course, he could not have found anything worse to say. If he had ignored her, the chances were that she would not have felt goaded into doing anything. As he stood up to let her pass and follow Jacques and Riquet, who were leading, Lise followed—until she reached a table at which was seated an elderly German general with a monocle. She stopped dead at his side and placed the brown ticket in front of him on the table.

In a quiet voice she said: "I think that you, who are instrumental in bringing about the need for this fund, should pay for this ticket."

All eyes in the restaurant car turned towards the scene, and there was dead silence except for the clanking of the wheels over the gaps in the lines. The general screwed his monocle more tightly into his eye, looked down at the tiny slip of paper and, without a moment's hesitation, looked over his shoulder and beckoned the waiter towards him. When the waiter realized his apparent error in having placed a relief ticket before such an august personage, he began to rub his hands in anguish.

Without a word, the general drew forth a two-franc piece and, placing it upon the ticket, gave the wretched steward an unambiguous order, with a mere gesture of the hand, to take it away. Having done so, the general drew himself up to his full height on his seat and looked Lise firmly in the eye.

There was nothing more to be said. It was a draw. Lise walked on, all eyes following her with open admiration as she sailed out of the car. Any reflected glory that came Michel's way was of a kind he desired no part of whatsoever.

As they crossed the first swaying platform between the coaches, he said: "An admirable performance, Lise, and I understand your feelings but, for God's sake, lay off that kind of thing. It's quite dangerous enough as it is."

They got out at Arles and walked to their hotel—the Grand Hotel Nord Pinus. Only four rooms were available here, as the rest of the hotel was full of

Michel stood up to let Lise follow Jacques and Riquet. But she stopped h

y the German general. "I think that you should pay for this ticket," she said

the senior German officers of the troops occupying the district. Michel and his companions were the only non-Germans there.

At the far end of the hall stood the bar, and behind it was the proprietress—Madame Bessières, a gay and ebullient Frenchwoman.

It being mid-December, the sight of seven or eight young French people seated on stools before the bar excited no particular attention. These gay people were obviously enjoying their Christmas vacation and had not a care in the world. Their regular disappearances at about 7 p.m. every evening merely indicated that they were dining early—probably with friends. Everything was perfectly in order, and each night the B.B.C. messages were listened to in different houses.

During their first visit to the bar, Michel noted that Madame Bessières was no particular friend of the Axis. As the senior colonel stalked through the hall from the room set aside as the officers' mess, she cocked a snook at his departing form and simultaneously blew him a raspberry.

"That's the individual," she exclaimed in a rather loud voice, "who had the nerve to tell me to get rid of you people as he wanted my hotel for his staff only. I'm afraid I was not very polite to him."

"Which is his room?" asked Lise immediately recognizing a kindred spirit.

"It's the front one on the first floor, overlooking the Place Forum. You can't miss it. It's got a brass plate on the door with the words, 'Chambre de Napoleon,'" said Madame Bessières.

"Is that so?" said Lise, sliding off her stool.

"Where are you off to?" asked Michel.

"Never mind," came her reply.

"Remember what I said, Lise," he warned her. But she went off without turning her head.

This gazelle would never be tamed, thought Michel. Anything was possible.

"She's probably fixing the colonel an attractive apple-pie bed," suggested Madame Bessières laughingly.

"Quite capable of putting a live hand-grenade in as well, for good measure," said Jacques.

They were still laughing and talking at the bar, with Lise back among them, when the colonel returned and went up to his room. Lise seemed to be tickled to death by something in her mind, and the wicked looks exchanged between her and Madame Bessières caused all to stop talking and look at them inquiringly.

The ensuing silence was shattered by a howl of rage and a torrent of German shouting, beginning with the words: "*Zum Teufel!*"

At the angry sounds of their master's voice, the hall filled with orderlies running in every direction, and Lise and the others peered innocently from one face to another in feigned amazement.

"What the devil did you do?" asked Michel.

"Nothing I could ever have dreamed would be as successful as all that," bubbled Lise innocently. "I found a broom with a long handle in the passage and leaned it inside the double doors of Napoleon's room in such a manner that the opening of the door would automatically bring the broom across the path of anyone entering. From the way I fixed it, the handle end should have caught him in the throat."

"Unless it went into his eye . . ." said Madame Bessières hopefully.

"The best of it all," said Lise, gurgling away joyfully, "is that he'll think it was his batman's fault."

Peace settled once more upon the establishment, and there were fortunately no repercussions from this crazy stunt. Michel breathed again.

Waited For Message On The B.B.C.

The following day, he, Lise, Jacques Langlois and Jacques Latour drove out to inspect the Chanoines field. It proved as good as Lise had claimed it to be. The other two fields, somewhat smaller, but with excellent flat surfaces, were ideal for Lysanders, and Michel sent their co-ordinates via Suzanne to Arnaud for transmission to London.

Every evening they listened for the B.B.C. message, but the days rolled by and none came.

Lise occasionally slipped away on her own to pay a visit to the church and light a candle to Sainte Thérèse, or to be alone to think about her children and pray for their well-being. She was not a churchgoer as Catholics usually are, but Michel soon discovered that her faith was boundless; she was one of those people who preferred to enter a church alone, and was likewise quite able to pray in a field or in a wood or wherever she happened to be, when she felt inclined.

Her roots being in the soil of Picardy, she was always happiest among the marvels of nature, and her love of trees was quite remarkable. During the moments that she retired inside her shell of solitude to commune with nature and eternity, Michel felt himself cut off from her like a complete stranger. At such times it was as though she came from another world; as though she had a secret which he could never share. It was as if she had lived for centuries and was much older than he. Then he would leave her to her own devices.

But she would emerge from these moods to become once more her usual gay and impish self, with the rapidity of a small cloud revealing the sun after temporarily hiding its warmth.

Always prepared to join any expedition at all hours of the day or night, she gave the general impression of being nearer twenty-one than her real age. To Michel, she seemed tireless, and her willing help made her an admirable, fearless and resourceful courier. He soon forgot about the initial setbacks of their first encounters and, as she settled down to the regular routine, she, too, forgot all about Auxerre or the idea of settling in Marseilles. It was as though they had worked together as a team for years.

As far as Michel was concerned, the sole purpose of his presence in France was for the prosecution of the war. Owing to his limited powers of concentration, and because of the responsibility he felt for the lives of those belonging to his team, he adamantly closed the doors of his admiration for Lise.

On December 27, the listeners at the secret radio receivers in Arles picked up the signal: "*Deux et trois font cinq.*" The Hudson would arrive that night. Michel said goodbye to Lise at the hotel and set off to collect Carte, the generals and the rest of the team.

He had already warned London of the recent placing of anti-aircraft batteries along the route—with one only 1,200 yards from the field itself. Now, at Carte's house, he learned that a German motor cycle unit had just been stationed two kilometres away from Chanoines. They decided to carry through with the operation, and made their way to the landing ground.

They waited there until 2 a.m.—the outside limit set for the arrival of the plane—and then waited for thirty-five minutes more. Disconsolately, they moved off. And, as they did so, the plane appeared. It was too late to set out the markers again. The Hudson flew over the deserted field, then turned and headed back towards England.

Michel and the two members of his team settled down to wait for the next attempt, which was to take place on a small abandoned aerodrome that had once belonged to a local flying club at Tournus, just north of Maçon. There was no need to reconnoitre this field, as the R.A.F. had recently photographed it and it passed their requirements for a Lysander pick-up. A young Frenchman by the name of Roger, who belonged to their movement and who lived in the town, was keeping an eye on it. All they would have to do was to make their way to Tournus a day or so before the moon period began and, once more, simply wait for the B.B.C. message for the operation. This time, however, there would be no room for the generals, and only Michel and Paul (who had replaced Carte as head of the South-East Zone) were to take the plane.

While similar operations were being carried out successfully by other organizations all over Occupied France, Michel simply had to resign himself to getting on with the usual Resistance activities. At this rate it was on the cards that he might fluff several more. He felt galled by his failures.

He had been told by London why the Arles landing had gone wrong. He had forgotten the difference between French time and Greenwich Mean Time. It was a blow to his self-confidence that took him a very long time to get over. If he raged at others' carelessness he simply fumed at the realization that he was capable of such a grotesque lapse himself.

Aircraft Rendezvous Near Tournus

There was plenty to be done. The railway sabotage programme was going well, and during the months of January and February, 1943, Arnaud sent messages making forty such parachutings possible during each moon period.

In due course, the Tournus pick-up fell due and Michel took Lise along to act as one of the three torch-holders for the tiny flare-path required by Lysanders.

The small town of Tournus with its 4,500 inhabitants, was not the best of places in which to await an aircraft. Arles, with its 20,000 inhabitants, had been bad enough, for the smaller the place, the sooner were strangers recognized.

The café where Roger took Paul, Lise and Michel was an ancient building of no pretensions standing within a stone's throw of the lovely old abbey, made from rose-coloured stone quarried from a nearby village. It was called the Café Thomas, and Monsieur Thomas, a member of the local organization, welcomed them with open arms. He was a cheerful man of the French working class, and his short, witty comments were the exact replica of the cockney. Michel took to him immediately.

The small party of visiting saboteurs filled all the available rooms of his inn. Most of their meals were eaten either in the kitchen, which Madame Thomas and her small daughter seldom left, or in a small cubicle intended as the proprietor's private dining-room.

In the afternoon, Roger produced a van with an open back and they drove off to inspect the field. After a ten-minute run the van pulled up two or three kilometres short of Cuisery, at the side of the main road and about twenty yards from a small farmstead.

"Here we are," announced Roger proudly, with a sweeping proprietary

gesture, like an estate agent showing an unworthy client a property far too good for him. The driver opened the bonnet of his van and pretended to fiddle with his motor, as a camouflage for their stopping at this point.

Michel looked across at an open space that he would never have given a second glance had it not been for Roger's outstretched hand. An expression of pained surprise spread over his face. Three months back he would have been horror-struck at the amazing sight that met his eyes, but now he was growing accustomed to his friends' queer conception of what was suitable for a landing-strip.

He saw a fairly large field, the whole of which had been systematically strewn with mounds of stones three feet high, each neat pile looking as though it must weigh roughly a ton. This precise handiwork was clearly that of the Gestapo or German security forces, with the intention of thwarting the very sort of enterprise Michel hoped to perform.

He shifted his staggered gaze back to Roger, reflecting all the weariness and impatience of his soul. He said: "What's the big idea?"

"I don't know," said the young man, a trifle crestfallen. "These stones weren't here three days ago, when I last came along this road."

"Is that the way you keep an eye on local affairs?" said Michel, in a hard voice. Without waiting for an answer, he added: "I've come six hundred kilometres and you show me a brickfield."

Michel unfolded his map of the region on the floor of the van and said: "We're here," he pointed with a pencil, "and where you get deep slow-moving rivers like the Saône you're bound to find enormous flat meadows. You can tell by the shading. Without ever having seen the country, you can see from this map that there are at least four giant fields, capable of holding anything up to three airborne divisions each, all of them within a radius of six kilometres from this spot. We'll go and have a look at them now on bicycles."

The car was turned round and they went back to the town.

Lise and Paul remained in Tournus, as Lise wanted to go shopping for some presents for her daughters, which she hoped Michel would, one day, succeed in delivering.

Found Ideal Field — Too Late

Roger dug up three men's bicycles, and, accompanied by Thomas, they set off for the first of the fields. They cycled along highway N6—the well-worn route of holidaymakers going south—towards Maçon. Four or five kilometres brought them to a narrow road on the left that crossed the railway line. It then went over a rickety bridge across the Saône.

On the far slope of the bridge there stretched before their eyes a prodigious field, over which they walked their bicycles so as to test the surface. It proved to be almost as flat as a bowling green along its entire length of roughly four kilometres. There was not a stream or ditch crossing it at any point, and in width it exceeded two kilometres. At the far side was a wood in which they found, as marked on the map, a small road.

As they stood in the shelter of the trees and looked back across the vast expanse they had just covered, Michel said: "It's too late now to get a message to Arnaud in Cannes and have this used instead. It'll have to do for another time. If the message we're expecting, *'La tour de Pise penche de plus en plus,'* should come over the air tonight, I daren't risk coming here—only five kilometres as the crow flies from the Cuisery field—and start flashing the lamps in the hope that the pilot would see them. If he didn't it would break my heart. So you see, Roger, we must use that old brick patch right on the main road—and take pot luck that the cops or the Germans don't come and spoil the whole show."

"What shall we do with the stones?" asked Roger.

"If the message comes at 7.30 it'll only take us a quarter of an hour to reach the field, so we'll want at least ten men to clear a reasonable runway, as far from the road as possible."

"I can get five men," put in Thomas.

"And I the rest," said Roger.

Toward 9.30 Michel told Roger that he wanted to see the Cuisery field at night and study the traffic on road seventy-five. First of all, they cycled along the main road, leaving the field on their left. It was a cold night and the moon made visibility excellent; the brick piles looked very sinister in this light.

As they skirted the far end of the field they came upon two men cycling in the opposite direction without lights. When they had passed, Michel said: "Is this a local custom?"

"No, it certainly isn't," replied Roger.

They cycled on for a quarter of a mile and then turned back. On reaching the main road entrance to the field by the corner of the wood, they heard a man shouting: "Albert!" Slowing down, they again heard the voice, calling towards them, more urgently: "Hey, Albert! Where the hell have you been?"

"Neither of us is Albert," said Michel. "What's the trouble?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the youth, who was now taking shape. "One of the wheels of my trailer has a puncture, and I hoped one of you was my friend Albert, because he's around here somewhere and he knows how to fix the tyre. When we were riding without lights just now we thought you must be the police. I'm relieved to see that you aren't, because we're running a black market in potatoes."

"Well, I'm sorry we can't oblige, but if Albert's within earshot of this conversation he shouldn't be long," said Michel, and with that they moved off, somewhat perplexed, for they had seen no trailer anywhere.

Not far down the road they came across a man pretending to repair his upturned bicycle on the grass verge. Michel gave him a friendly greeting as they passed, but the man made no reply. If this was Albert, he was more cautious than his friend. What these two men were up to, Michel had no notion.

Michel now took Roger to a lane which he had seen marked on the map. By the time they had hidden their bicycles and come up behind a hedge bordering the field, about ten minutes had elapsed.

As they looked across the stone-ridden field from behind the hedge, their attention was attracted by a distant hullaballoo of voices. Peering over the hedge, they saw lights flashing about all over the place. Several men who began to take shape were throwing stones around and talking at the tops of their voices as though they were the advance party of a travelling circus clearing a space for the big tent.

Michel and Roger stood gaping at the scene for half an hour or so, when suddenly they heard the distinct sounds of an approaching bomber. But the shouting on the ground was increased and all the lamps were extinguished.

So that was it, thought Michel. It had happened at last. Another organization—goodness knew which—was using his field for precisely the same purpose. It was only a happy coincidence that the Lysander had not been announced for the very same night.

The approaching drone of the bomber now clinched the matter. It was a Hudson, without any shadow of a doubt.

The stone-heaving efforts were now redoubled. Michel had himself reckoned on being able to clear a short Lysander path in three hours, but these optimists had to clear 1,600 metres and had only been at it for just over half an hour. The bomber circled the field patiently; the pilot could have had no notion of what was waiting for him, but, like all these pilots, he would stay as long as the petrol held out.

Jacques Latour, Odette, and Peter Churchill on the balcony of the Grand Hotel Nord Pinus, in Arles, where they stayed when it was full of Germans. Odette fixed a booby trap in the German colonel's room

Plane Landed With Huge Splash

For forty full minutes the hectic heaving of stones continued unabated. Occasionally a howl of anguish pierced the deafening roar from the Hudson's low circling, as a stone went astray, striking a hapless worker in its dangerous flight.

"Pas sur mes pieds, nom de Dieu!" "Attention, bon sang!" and short, heartfelt cries of *"Merde!"* added to the cacophony of this crazy night.

And now, at a signal, the line of torches was lit up and the circling Hudson came down in a long sweep.

As the wheels touched down there was a tremendous splash, and the man holding the second torch vanished in a wave of mud. Squirting huge waves on each side like a destroyer, the pilot squelched his way through to drier ground, miraculously keeping his aircraft level. It taxied on and turned on one motor through the eighth and ninth lamps to return to the first lamp for the take-off into the wind.

The reception committee had forgotten all about this return route, parallel to the flare-path, and none of the stones had been removed from there. However, a little thing like this was nothing to such a pilot. When the machine came to a halt it began to sink into the worst of the quagmire.

Ten men stepped from the plane. Ten others, waiting to go to England by this shuttle service, clambered in. The door closed behind them; the whole thing had been done in less than two minutes.

The pilot now gave the engines full throttle and gently released the brakes, but nothing happened. The bomber was stuck in the bog. A second attempt met with no better results. The door was then reopened and the ten passengers climbed out. They placed themselves around one of the wheels and the left wing, and the newly arrived ten disposed themselves similarly on the other side.

When the pilot accelerated they all pushed with a will, but to no avail. The pilot switched off his engines. A deathly silence spread itself where so much noise had existed.

The cockpit cabin door swung open and the pilot stepped out on to the top rung of his ladder to address the reception committee in these terms, with a strong English accent flavouring each carefully pronounced and hard-sought word: *"Qui est le chef de cette bande de sauvages?"*

A young Frenchman sailed happily up to the pilot and said that he was in charge. The pilot looked down at him and said: "Well, you've got nothing to be proud about. Not only have you landed me in a stone-mason's backyard, but in the centre of a bog."

"We knew that the R.A.F. could land anywhere, monsieur," said this Gallic flatterer, with some truth.

"Land maybe," said the pilot. "But I'll be damned if I know how we shall ever take off. Besides, your flare-path stinks. Just have a look at those trees. They're not 1,500 metres away. I'll never clear them with this load. You get your chaps to fix me a new one running diagonally across the field and then, if the gods are willing, I might just manage to clear that corner over there."

The nine torch-bearers and twenty passengers all set to work on this new task and the sounds of crashing stones went on for fully an hour.

The pilot and two others returned to the aircraft. Presently the rest of the gang followed—the lampholders included. Thirty-odd men now stood beside the machine receiving their orders. Dividing themselves into two lots, they arrayed themselves for the great push.

Horse Team Came To The Rescue

Just as the second motor burst into life, both were suddenly left to idle, and the tiny door opened once more, showing the pilot leaning out and pointing towards the road. One man from the ground-party began running that way as fast as he could. Peering into the distance, Michel beheld a farm hand leading two horses at a gentle pace.

When the runner reached them they began to change direction, coming across the field towards the aircraft with the farm hand and Resistance man in the lead. One of the horses neighed at the sight of the mighty bird. They were turned round and placed one behind the other, a length of chain being attached to a strong upright beside one of the wheels. The yokel got his team to take the strain while waiting, with his whip at the ready, for the concerted effort.

Both motors now began to bite the air. There was no need for the whip, for the roar of the engines was sufficient to frighten the horses into trying to break away from their ghastly din. But the chain held, and the great plane slowly moved forward. The strange caravan advanced in this manner until the wheels were on dry ground. The horses were released.

The pilot now turned his machine and ran it over to the far corner of the field, turning once again for the take-off. The ten departing passengers got in and the door closed behind them.

Now the Hudson's engines were opened up to within a notch of their full power and, with flames shooting from her exhaust pipes, she lay there, quivering and straining to be off.

Then the brakes were released, and all the pent-up energy got under way. Michel put the plane's speed at the half-way mark at eighty miles an hour—but still the nose was down. Only at the three-quarter mark did the plane bounce up to become airborne. A gasp of relief issued from every throat behind the hedge. All leaned forward, peering towards the trees to catch sight of the black silhouette of the wings rising above the topmost branches. Slowly one wing came into sight against the lighter background of the sky, but the rest of the plane did not rise until the very last moment. The right wing appeared to graze the top, and there was an ominous sound of a snapping branch mixed with the roar of the engines.

Michel held his breath, and then, hearing the steady drone of the twin engines

receding beyond the wood, he fumbled weakly for his hip-flask. In his silent toast to the unknown pilot, he said, half to him, half to himself: "To a Victoria Cross: for succeeding in accomplishing the impossible."

Next day, Michel was up early, and took Paul to the field. It was ploughed up in every direction as though by a tank. Michel ran his hand along the tyre-marks with a certain nostalgia, for it was five months since he had left England, and this was the nearest he had got to one of its aircraft.

Together they walked to the corner of the field. It was not a branch that they found, but thirty inches off the end of the Hudson's wing.

On their way back across the field they met two men. Paul, still bubbling with admiration, could not refrain from saying to the first of them: "Just have a look at those tracks in the mud. Those R.A.F. boys are unbeatable!"

"I heartily agree," said the man, in a stage whisper. "But don't say it so loud. This chap behind me is the head of the Gestapo from Lyons!"

Germans Had Raided Cannes Flat

Michel and Lise returned to Cannes for the last time. Messages exchanged with London showed that the Tournus affair had been handled by one of De Gaulle's agents, and the fact that the same field had been used as that accepted for the Lysander was not explained.

After another vain rendezvous at a landing-field near Périgueux, Michel and Lise moved to Marseilles.

Gisele's arrival from Cannes did not bring reassuring news. Michel's flat had been raided and the only place that remained intact was Catherine's place overlooking the port. Arnaud was still active, but strongly counselled a change of scenery, a thing with which Michel was inclined to agree.

The Commando instructor in Antibes had been captured, Gervais was carrying on in Marseilles, and the rest of the birds had wisely flown. Antoine still held on grimly at his villa and had received further inquiries from police inspectors about Michel's whereabouts. Gisele intimated that his life was about as attractive as that of somebody sitting on a barrel of gunpowder and wondering when the sizzling fuse would put an end to it all. As for Suzanne, she was apparently keeping her head, and still slapping elderly women's faces into shape in her beauty parlour with her secret lotions.

It had to be decided where to install the new headquarters. Paul and Marsac proposed that they should move as far north as the Haute Savoie. It appeared that the quiet village of St. Jorioz, nine kilometres away from Annecy and only forty-three from Geneva, was the answer to their prayers.

"I'll join you there with Lise and Arnaud on condition that Arnaud's transmitting-houses and living-quarters are at least ten kilometres from yours," said Michel, "and that Lise and I are housed in rooms at least five kilometres from your H.Q. There must be no more of this living on top of each other, or else we shall all be surrounded and grabbed together."

"Agreed," said Marsac. "We already have our feelers out in that part of the world. There's an excellent group of patriots in Faverges—sixteen kilometres from St. Jorioz—and Arnaud can be housed there. As for you and Lise, the Hotel de la Poste will be left entirely at your disposal, and we shall rent a house nearby."

The next thing was to get the all-important Arnaud and his equally indispensable radio sets away from Cannes to a less troubled zone, where he could have a comparative rest until he took up his duties in one or other of the promised houses in Faverges, which Michel had decided to vet personally. Every detail must be worked out before he arrived. There could be no haphazardness over that.

Riquet was detailed to share the dangerous mission of travelling with Arnaud and his compromising transmitters, and he readily agreed to this. Within forty-eight hours the two men were back in Toulouse without any mishaps.

"Where do we go now?" asked Arnaud.

"To the Savoy Mountains," said Michel.

"Good God!" blurted out Arnaud. "From the Maritimes Alps to the Alps of Savoy. Always these bloody mountains! How I hate them! I shall never get through the blasted blocks of granite."

"Yes, you will, Arnaud," said Michel patiently. "I shall find you a spot with an empty gap running north, and there'll be no interference. Furthermore, the distance to London will be reduced by about three hundred and fifty miles."

Returning to Cannes, Michel decided not to get out at the station but to go on to Antibes and enter the town by bus. It was a wise precaution that he then followed up by going to stay with his farmer friends at La Bocca. Lise, who could safely stay with Catherine, handled all his business, making the double journey to the farm on an average twice a day.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that she and Michel finally shook the dust of Cannes from their feet. What with the ten days' delay in Toulouse and as many in Cannes, they were well on into February now. As their train rumbled along the rain-drenched Côte d'Azur, heavy forebodings took the place of the hopeful projects he had entertained when the sun had shone upon his arrival.

But for Lise's presence this journey would have been a painful antithesis. Never had so much been packed into a mere six months; never so little accomplished. Would the gods allow him at least one successful coup before it was too late?

He counted his blessings; they began with Arnaud and ended with Lise.

Glancing at the resolute face of half his assets, sitting by his side, he drew strength from her in his hour of gloom. When the train slowed up to enter the Gare St. Charles at Marseilles, he woke to find that his head was resting on her shoulder.

Village Seemed Far From Danger

Madame Marsac met them at Annecy station and led them to the bus that took them out to St. Jorioz. The Hotel de la Poste, with its old brown wood, white paint and chalet appearance, was a far cry from the busy centres. They had left all their dangerous associations. At least, so it seemed.

The main building at the crossroads of a tiny village of a hundred souls, it was the hub of local activity. Marsac was there to meet the bus. He led the two newcomers into a private room just behind the bar. Here he introduced them to Jean Cottet, the proprietor. "Although you might never think so," he said, looking at Michel, "Monsieur Chambrun is a British officer."

Michel was as staggered by this statement as by the hotelier's instant counter-remark: "How did you know that you were safe in bringing him here?"

"Oh, we have ways and means of checking up on people's loyalties, and we know that you think as we do," came the other's reply.

Michel shook hands with Jean Cottet and took in his powerful build, his comparative youth—for the twenty-eight or twenty-nine years he gave him seemed young to be the owner of such a hotel—and the hidden depths of the inscrutable brown eyes that looked at him squarely through horn-rimmed glasses. Presently they were joined by a beautiful girl of twenty-five, Jean's wife, Simone, who was introduced all round.

The saboteurs then took their leave and returned to the main lounge. Here they found Jacques Langlois and Jacques Latour.

"We hunted all round for a suitable house," said Marsac, "and the only place large enough is that house over there." He pointed through the window to a square, box-like building standing on its own opposite the tiny village station, and not three hundred yards away.

"I see," said Michel, thinking that it could hardly have been much closer.

Lise and Michel unpacked and put their things away. They then lunched together among the other guests. The hotel was a friendly family affair, with the Cottets' small children chattering and playing about among the tables.

In her handbag Lise had an "authentic" medical certificate stating that, for reasons of health, she had to live at an altitude of at least 1,200 feet—St. Jorioz being in the region of 1,400. Jean and Simone Cottet were glad of this cover, since curiosity about the new couple was inevitable, and this answer solved more than half the problem.

Michel's relationship with Lise was of less interest to a French gathering than in a similar residential hotel inhabited by retired people or evacuees in Britain. He assumed, with the greatest of ease, the attitude of someone who is putting up a good show in face of his companion's advanced state of consumption, and they were soon accepted as an aloof couple whose hobby was cycling.

Lise had plenty to attend to that afternoon, sorting out her clothes, washing and ironing, while Michel and Riquet cycled over to Faverges. They found the village nestling at the foot of high wooded mountains, and went straight to the private house of a sawmill owner, Monsieur Favre. He turned out to be a small, unassuming, bespectacled man. Leading Michel to the front of his house, he pointed out a tree, suggesting that it might be suitable for Arnaud's aerial. Michel looked up at the house, back at the tree and beyond it along the open valley stretching away to the north.

It was all too easy. Favre indicated his willingness for Arnaud both to live and transmit from his house, as though he were a boarding-house keeper clinching a satisfactory deal.

After some of the struggles and sales talk he had had to put up to get Arnaud accepted in certain other establishments, Michel was flabbergasted by this attitude. Favre's amiable and comely wife then showed them the room that they had set aside for his use. Michel thanked them both as though he were quite accustomed to this kind of co-operation, and they left to call on the next man.

Milleau owned a tiny bar with a separate counter where cigarettes, post-cards and the sort of stationery found in small villages were on sale. He was a square hunk of a man in his early thirties, with a thatch of uncontrollable straw-coloured hair rising above a straight forehead, a pair of frank blue eyes and a determined chin. The captain of the local contingent of the Secret Army, he was reading the paper, at his ease; he wore neither collar nor tie.

He welcomed Michel in a booming jovial voice and crushed his hand in a gorilla's grip. Michel inadvertently raised an eyebrow at the agreeable pain of his first contact with this healthy specimen.

Yes, Arnaud could transmit from an alternative spot two thousand feet up in the mountains in the forest guard's house. Wasting no time, Milleau fetched his Renault 203 and drove them up the mountain road past Seytheuex, and up the narrowing lane through the snow at the first house of a tiny agglomeration of farm buildings, known as Les Tissots.

The place was perfect. With its open northern aspect there was nothing to hinder radio contact with London. No one could reach the spot without being heard and seen while still a long way off. Here, Arnaud could work with impunity and easily escape.

The next day, Roger got their bicycles from the station and handed them over in one of the streets of Annecy. When he had gone, Lise said to Michel:

"I don't like that man; he's got shifty eyes."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Michel. "Drop him in the lake?"

"Mark my words, he's no good."

"Well, maybe you're right. But, so far, he hasn't put a foot wrong; and if ever he does, it'll be up to the French to attend to him. They've got their own professional killers here. I was introduced to two of them by Marsac. In any case, one must have proof before indiscriminately knocking off people who are only guilty of having shifty eyes."

"Maybe it'll be too late when the proof comes," said Lise.

"Well, as a foreigner, I can't tip off

In Faverges, Favre suggested one of his trees for an aerial. Ten years after, Churchill inspects it once more

Churchill, Latour and Odette spent anxious days at this Arles café—waiting for a message from Britain

Milleau (right) leader of the secret army in Annecy, found Churchill an ideal site for a hidden transmitter

Churchill was horrified when he was introduced to Jean Cottet (left) as a British officer. But Jean was a friend. Odette and Peter stayed at his Hotel de la Poste in St. Jorioz, mixing casually with the guests

Monsieur and Mme Favre (left) offered Churchill a room for his radio operator. Peter was overwhelmed by their co-operation. However, Arnaud, the operator, preferred a more isolated spot high on the mountain side

Paul or Marsac to keep an eye on him; besides, they're just as impressed by his intelligence and the way he's behaved in recent night operations as I am."

They dropped the matter there. If only Lise had said to Michel: "I implore you to tip off Paul and ask that Roger should be followed wherever he goes and his telephone conversations tapped," or if Michel had understood it without her saying more, many things might have been different.

They were now at the beginning of the second week in March, 1943. More than two weeks had elapsed since they had settled into their new headquarters, and it seemed at last that they had succeeded in putting the Gestapo off the scent.

The parachutings increased and the railway programme was going ahead once more quite satisfactorily. And now a signal came, recalling Michel to England: Lysander will pick you up giant field Tournus as from March 14 rpt 14 B.B.C. better late than never ends.

The aircraft never came to Tournus, and Michel spent seven days hiding away in the village of Prety.

At Last—The Date Is Settled

On the seventh day a courier brought the news from Arnaud that the aircraft would pick them up in a field seventeen kilometres away from the town of Compiègne, and that they must get there for March 23. It was March 20. A hurried counsel of war settled all details.

In no time an old car came chugging up to Thomas's door, and Paul, Riquet, Latour and Michel bundled into it, throwing their gear on to the roof-rack.

The car rattled slowly along N6, the great highway leading towards Chalons-sur-Saône, where they would entrain for Paris. It seemed that they would never get there at this rate. As they approached the demarcation line, the driver looked nervously at the small attaché-case that Michel was nursing and asked what was in it. Michel told him that it was full of correspondence.

"I can't take you through with any letters," said the man. "That's just what the Jerries are after on the line."

He pulled up his car and they discussed the problem. On hearing that there was a branch road a few kilometres farther along that led to the Saône, Riquet volunteered to walk along it with the case and meet them in Chalons after crossing the river.

"How do you intend to cross that wide river?" inquired Michel.

"I'll pinch a boat. There are sure to be some lying about," said the intrepid young man.

"Nice work," said Michel, and the car got under way.

At the agreed spot, Riquet took off to the right, saying *"A bientôt"*—and was off. Presently the car came round a gentle bend and there was the barrier across the road. A solitary, middle-aged Wehrmacht soldier came up to the car and inquired: *"Wo gehen-sie?"*

"Chalons," said the driver.

"Have you any letters?" was the next question.

"No letters," replied Paul.

And that was all.

The driver deposited his passengers at the station and was paid. He drove away as though leaving a bunch of lepers. Jacques bought the tickets while the others waited about on the platform for the train. It was due in fifteen minutes time, and there seemed little chance of Riquet's getting there in time. However, Paul and Jacques seemed in no way worried by this and said that he would catch them up in Paris. They still had a day's grace.

As the train steamed up to the platform, Riquet appeared simultaneously through the subway, walking casually towards them. None of the three made any fuss as he joined them, thus giving the impression that he had only fallen behind a few paces. As they took their seat at the end of the corridor in the crowded train, Michel grabbed Riquet's arm and gave him a smiling wink. If ever a man had earned a comprehensive M.C. for a series of acts in the face of danger, this was that man. If he never got it, Michel would always consider that he had earned it.

At Compiègne they took rooms in a tiny hotel near the station and set about looking for means of transport to get them to Estrées-St.-Denis. From there they would discover the whereabouts of the Sainte-Beuve hop farm where, according to London, Madame Sainte-Beuve would solve all their problems.

As there were no bicycles to be had, Riquet unearthed a horse and trap, and the party jogged along to carry out their reconnaissance. Their gay spirits were damped early at the sight of the Compiègne concentration camp where patriots—including their own friends—were held before the last lap into Germany. Passing right beside its walls was a horribly close reminder of what lay in store for them if things went wrong.

Within two hours they were entering the drive of the place they sought. Madame Sainte-Beuve, an aristocratic Frenchwoman with prematurely grey hair, wasted no time once she had recognized the password. Taking Michel in her private trap, she drove over her grounds and up to a small field that might have been laid out by a fussy Lysander pilot.

"I hope your message comes tonight," said Madame Sainte-Beuve, "because tomorrow those tractors over there are going to plough all this up, and there is nothing I can do to stop it, for the people who work for us are unaware of my sympathies."

It was a sober couple who sat down to dine in a Compiègne restaurant as they waited for Riquet's return from listening for their message. At last Riquet came back. When he had sat down, he said, "Sorry, nothing doing."

"Well," said Michel, "as the field will be ploughed up tomorrow, we might as well catch the seven fifty and get back to Paris. I shall be glad to get out of this place. It gives me the creeps."

They paid their bill and went to fetch their bags.

Entering the blacked-out station, Riquet led the party along the platform beside a darkened train. Opening a door, they bundled in. They lit cigarettes and smoked in the dark. Presently a train at another platform started, moving off in a direction that Michel thought led to Paris. "Hey!" he said, "that's our train. What's the idea?"

His remarks were met by a suppressed giggle from Riquet and a happy chuckle from Paul. "Well," laughed Michel rather weakly, catching on that the message had come over, "of all the so and so's I ever met. . . ."

Their own train now began to move out of the station towards the Lysander ground with at least three happy and optimistic passengers on board.

Five Kilometres By Moonlight

Michel, Paul and Riquet got out of the train at the halt before St. Just-en-Chaussée, and set off on their five-kilometre walk. At 9.45 p.m. they topped the final rise and there, in the distance, lay the huge farm, ringed round, like a fortress, with its high walls.

The night advanced and the half moon's surprising clarity lit up the scene. In the silence they could hear the distant coughing of one of the men on guard at the level crossing. The last light went out in a bedroom at the farm and, only fourteen kilometres away, thousands of Frenchmen behind the electric wire lay tossing on hard prison bunks, praying for blessed sleep.

An aircraft droned its approach and all leaped to their positions. Michel waited, his torch at the ready.

As it roared overhead he gave the ground signal, repeating it over and over again. It paid no attention, heading straight along its course. They reassembled to await its return.

There it came, blasting its way back towards them and advertising its presence like the trump of doom. "Wake up, chum!" implored Michel, seeing it go by once more and realizing that there were simply no landmarks here to help a pilot. Once across the Channel, he might have to zigzag past the flak posts and find them by dead reckoning.

However, the pilot did not hear his anxious call. If he had, the chances are that he would not have understood, for he was a German, minding his own business, in a Junkers 88.

This went on for hours and, up to 1.30 a.m., the aerial traffic was so heavy that Michel's battery was beginning to wear out and he feared his ears had become so bemused by the sounds of Luftwaffe aircraft engines that he might let the Lysander pass, mistaking it for the Fieseler Storch he had already buzzed, besides nine others.

They sat down and shared some cold rabbit and a bottle of wine. They finished the bottle and looked at their watches. One fifty-eight.

And now the silence was rent once more; this time by the brittle bite of a low-flying aircraft coming straight towards them. Closer, closer. This was surely it. They all stood up and tried to pierce the poor visibility.

As it came in, low and fast, Michel's eyes focused and held the well-known shape of a Lysander. Instantly his torch flickered the ground signal. As quickly came the pilot's recognition from a small lamp below the fuselage, which he operated with slow, well-spaced dots and dashes as he rushed by.

"Here we go!" said Michel. *"Au revoir, mes amis!"*—as they dashed to light their lamps.

Following the triangle that gave him his line of approach, the pilot circled down, throttling back his engine. His wheels touched down in a perfect landing.

Last Lap Of Their Journey

Michel and Paul now waited for the two passengers to alight. As soon as they were both clear, Michel nudged Paul, saying: "Watch your step up that small ladder . . . I'll follow you."

Michel pulled the roof to and slid the safety catch, and then he felt the powerful motor surge them forwards.

Presently they were over the Channel, where they soon ran into a pea-soup fog. This was not so funny, and Michel began to wonder how they would land in such a solid blanket. On and on droned the Lysander while the damp cold seeped into the back compartment.

Now they began to lose height. Michel looked forward, and there, less than a mile ahead, were the concentrated beams of twenty searchlights in a ring, all crossing above the aerodrome.

The pilot threw his machine down like a toy and landed in the centre of the blaze. In an instant he had switched off his engine and the searchlights fluttered out. They were in England.

THE END

The dramatic sequel to Captain Churchill's story appears in John Bull next week

Miss Massey tracks down workshop perils

by DON EVERITT

It may be bad lighting—or it may be poisonous gas. One factory looked like something out of Dickens. And that's when Marion Massey may pay a surprise visit

TALL, FAIR AND DEMURE, Marion Massey is a Lancastrian whose job requires her to investigate startling and often gory deaths and injuries. Once, she was called to a factory where two men had been killed in the boilerhouse. Reconstructing the events leading to the tragedy, she found that the boilerman had opened the blow-down valve to eject sediment into the pit beneath the boiler. When he came to close the valve, it would not move. Desperately, stubbornly, he struggled with it as scalding steam hissed into the boilerhouse. The boilerman's mate dashed in, but it was too late; the boilerman collapsed, and before his mate could drag him to safety the steam overcame him, too.

To examine the blow-down, Marion Massey donned overalls, got underneath the boiler and dismantled the valve. Inside she found a one-inch nut, tightly wedged. "It had been left in the boiler after a recent scaling," she explains. "When the boilerman opened the valve, the nut dropped in and jammed it."

Such industrial detective work is part of Marion Massey's everyday routine as one of Her Majesty's inspectors of factories. In the latest recorded year, Britain's 350-strong inspectorate reported on more than 800 fatalities and 180,000 injuries.

Garage Gas Jet Exploded

"In investigating accidents," Marion Massey says, "we have to find out the causes and whether anyone has contravened the Factories Acts; more important, we have to suggest measures to prevent recurrences." Ironically, the preventive steps taken after many industrial accidents are so simple that at times they appear superfluous: this is because a good proportion of the accidents result from human, not mechanical, frailty.

Some time ago, a garage hand was repairing a petrol tank taken from a car. To clean out all the petrol, he held the intake under a tap and ran hot water through the outlet. Suddenly, a violent explosion shook the garage and badly injured the man. Marion Massey says: "The explanation was obvious as soon as we went through the door. Above the tap was a gas geyser. The water had forced petrol vapour out of the tank and an inflammable mixture had risen into the gas jet."

On another occasion, a young man died at a laboratory sink while cleaning his hands with cyanide after silvering glass. When the sink trap was unscrewed, traces of acid were found. "Someone had poured acid down the sink before the man had used the cyanide. Some of the acid had stayed in the trap, mixed with the cyanide, and a few whiffs of the resulting gas had poisoned the man within seconds."

What Marion Massey did afterwards was to

A seat should be just the right height. So should the footrest. In this Boots' factory at Nottingham, Miss Massey checks for comfort. Inspectors find most managements willing to co-operate

Marion Massey and her deputy, Edmond Saliot (left), watch William Harris, safety officer at a Nottingham factory, demonstrate his invention for measuring strain on the human body

advise the laboratory to warn its staff not to use dangerous chemicals over the sink until they had run the tap for a minute. "To an experienced laboratory staff," she says, "the advice might appear unnecessary. But the number of accidents caused solely by human elements — carelessness, forgetfulness, over-familiarity, or even coincidence—justifies it."

Marion Massey has been combating the shortcomings of human beings and machines for twenty years. Today, as a district inspector, she is responsible for administering the Factories Acts in the southern half of Nottinghamshire. With her staff of three inspectors, she has to keep constant guard over the safety, health and welfare conditions, and the hours of women and young people at about four thousand workplaces.

The Girls Were Shocked

"We can make inspections at any time of the day or night wherever we feel reasonably sure that work relevant to the Factories Acts is being carried on." This takes her to places as varied as the world's largest cycle factory and a two-man sawmill in the backwoods.

On rare occasions, the inspectors also visit offices. Once, girls employed in a new office block got electric shocks when they touched metal screens and metal furniture. At first, the inspectors suspected a leakage from the mains, but their investigations drew a blank. Then, one morning after the asphalt floor had had its regular machine-polishing with floor-wax, they had a hunch: they found that a static charge of five thousand volts had been generated in the floor. The problem was solved by polishing the floor with a non-caustic alkali cleaning powder which produced a negligible charge of less than fifty volts.

Marion Massey's routine inspections are always made by surprise. One firm may be visited once in a year; another, perhaps under suspicion, twice in two days. Though Miss Massey can pry about a factory on her own, she is normally accompanied by the works manager. "We are not snoopers searching out every minor technical offence. We are here to advise on legal requirements and to make helpful suggestions. Only as a very last resort do we apply the big stick of prosecution."

During an inspection, she looks for overcrowding, inadequate seating, sanitation and first-aid facilities, poor lighting, heating and ventilation, women and young people working long hours, and any working practices, unguarded machinery or faulty equipment liable to be dangerous. She provides against argument by carrying a thermometer, a lightmeter, a windspeed indicator and a copy of Redgrave's *Factories, Truck And Shops Acts*.

"The improvements in factories in the last fifty years have been tremendous," says Marion Massey. "But now and then we still come across primitive conditions." At a steel foundry an inspector found a hundred men sharing one cold-water tap.

One case Miss Massey heard of recalled Dickensian conditions. Four children aged from nine to twelve were discovered working in a small fire-lighter factory without supervision on a Sunday. The main double doors of the factory were chained and padlocked on the outside, and the only other exit was a small opening at the back of the building. "Happily, this type of thing is very rare," Miss Massey adds.

The inspectors find that most employers readily comply with their instructions. Once, however, the sound judgment of one of Marion Massey's inspectors was unfortunately proved before the firm involved acted on it. The inspector had asked for a pulley belt from a compressor motor to be fitted with a safety guard. The manager objected at first, saying that the belt ran too close to the wall to be dangerous, but in the end he agreed to get a guard fitted. Before the job was done, a zealous cleaner tried to sweep behind the belt, got caught in it, and was badly lacerated.

Marion Massey sometimes receives complaints from workpeople about factory conditions. Most often they come in the form of anonymous letters. One winter a worker wrote to allege that the heating in a factory was inadequate. On what was ostensibly a routine visit—"We never mention complaints to the management"—Miss Massey found that the temperature was below statutory requirements. She told the works manager that after the first hour he had to have the factory heated to at least sixty degrees Fahrenheit.

Nothing more was heard until the next winter, when Miss Massey again received an anonymous complaint, and again found the temperature illegally low. This time she was more severe in making her demands. When it happened again, for the third year running, London headquarters decided that a prosecution was necessary.

When Marion Massey takes an employer to court, she has unusual powers. Factory inspectors can conduct their own cases and, when there has been an accident, they may recommend to the Ministry of Labour that part of the fine be awarded to the injured person. They can also apply to the court—to a special sitting, if necessary—to stop machines or even the whole factory when they consider conditions too dangerous.

Boy Banned From Heights

Inevitably, the inspector's job itself is occasionally dangerous and more frequently dirty. Edmond Saliot, Miss Massey's stocky and jovial deputy, relieves her of most of the inspections in her area which involve climbing heights. Not long ago, Saliot had to manoeuvre himself along girders 108 feet above a power station floor to inspect a spot from which a pulley had torn away and killed a man.

To enforce one section of factory law, Marion Massey has the help of several general practitioners who examine workers in unhealthy trades and also report on the fitness of boys and girls for the trades they choose. A boy who started working on scaffolding a hundred feet up had his ambitions of a life as a steeplejack quickly cut short when a factory doctor found that he was an epileptic.

For all its varied and interesting work, the inspectorate is undermanned. The qualifications for the job are flexible. Normally, recruits have to be between twenty-one and thirty, and need a degree or its equivalent. After two years' probation they take a qualifying examination in factory law, industrial hygiene and sanitary science. "What the job calls for," says Marion Massey, "is a practical mind and an interest in mankind."

Traits which should quickly develop in a good inspector, according to Miss Massey, are a thick skin (for the occasional awkward management) and acute powers of observation. "You always have to be prepared for the unique repeating itself," she says.

Accidents Almost Halved

A few years ago, two workers on a construction site sought a piece of corrugated iron. They found one on a concrete floor and picked it up. As they walked away with it, the man at the back fell into the hole which it had been covering. "He was killed," Miss Massey recalls. "Last year another man broke his spine doing exactly the same thing."

The financial rewards of inspecting factories begin at nearly £8 a week for the twenty-one year old probationer in London and rise to a salary of £2,125 for the chief inspector. The majority of the inspectors earn between £14 and £28 a week. The intangible rewards of the job are derived largely from improving statistics. Since the war, the work of the inspectorate has almost halved the industrial accident rate.

Now and then, the job provides satisfaction in a surprising way. One night, Marion Massey was about to visit an old Nottingham factory when she saw women filing out of the main gate. It was nine o'clock, and she stopped to ask them what they had been doing. "The boss has fitted baths in the factory," one of them said, "and he's given us permission to use them in the evenings. So we've all been back for a bath."

THE END

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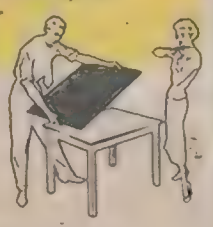

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DEATH AND THE SKY ABOVE

by ANDREW GARVE

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LAURENT

Five days till the execution. . . . She had five days to get fresh evidence that would prove him innocent

NEAR THE SOUTH-EAST COAST of Kent, a man hunted for murder was hiding in a haystack. He had done something no other convict had done within living memory—escaped from the death-cell just before execution. He had seized his chance when the prison was gutted by fire.

The man was Charles Hilary, wrongly condemned to death for the murder of his dissolute wife, Louise. He was said to have killed her to marry Kathryn Forrester, a famous television star.

Kathryn knew he was innocent. She had helped him to escape, had even managed to throw the police off the scent while he hid near their cottage on the Medway. Together they had tried to get to France in a yacht, but a raging storm had wrecked them off Deal.

Now they were quite desperate. Anything, anything to prevent Charles's recapture until they had fresh evidence about Louise's private life, and proof of Charles's alibi: he had been watching a Test match at the time of Louise's death.

But the immediate necessity was to get him to the cottage. They could then plan afresh.

Leaving him sheltering in the haystack, Kathryn went back to London to get her car. She was not there to see the farmer's young son discover him. . . . When she returned, some hours later, there was no sign of Charles. She searched the whole district without success. Then, driving into Deal, she saw a news headline that froze her heart: "HILARY RECAPTURED". . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

Private Inquiries

KATHRYN'S first thought was to get hold of Murgatroyd, the counsel who had battled for Charles's life. But Murgatroyd was out of the country. It would have to be Fairey, the solicitor; aloof and remote as he was, he was better than nothing.

That night, after a brief telephone call, she drove to Surbiton to see him.

Robert Fairey's manner, as he shook hands with her, was formal. The hour was very late, he had had an exacting day at the office, and he knew there was nothing whatever that he or anyone else could do for Hilary. This visit was pointless, and he feared an hysterical scene.

But Kathryn had by now recovered from the first brutal impact of the news and she had herself well in hand. She needed reassurance only on one point.

"Mr. Fairey, have you found out when the execution will be?"

For one awful moment she thought his lips were framing the word "tomorrow." Then he said, "Tuesday, I understand. Five days from now."

She gave a little sigh and sat down. Five days!

"Would you please tell me," she said, "the names of the hotels where Louise Hilary stayed?"

He glanced at her in surprise. "Why, yes, I can do that if you wish. The one she spent most time at was the Superbe at Brighton. The other was the Luxor at Bournemouth."

"Are they the only ones?"

"They are the only ones we know about."

"Mr. Fairey, exactly what inquiries did you have made at these places? Who went to them?"

HE hesitated, and for a moment she thought he would refuse to answer. Then, as though he had decided that there could be no harm in humouring her now, he said: "A man named Hawkins and a woman named Rouse. They were both very experienced private inquiry agents whom I had used on many previous occasions."

"What instructions were they given?"

"They were told to look for evidence that Louise Hilary had met some man at these hotels. As you know, they were unable to find any."

"Do you know how they went to work?"

Fairey flushed under the catechism. "That I can't say, but I have no doubt they were as thorough as circumstances permitted."

"I don't suppose the hotels were very co-operative?"

"One could hardly expect them to be, but these people are used to working by devious means. They would certainly have looked at the registers and questioned the staffs."

"All the same, the truth may have escaped them?"

"It may, Miss Forrester, but there is no reason why we should suppose so. After all, those inquiries were little more than a shot in the dark. There was never any real indication

"I took the book," Kathryn said. "There was

Mrs. Hilary wasn't alone on these occasions."

"She took good care there shouldn't be."

"That was the theory we were working on, of course. The fact remains that no one ever accompanied her to these places, no one registered with her, no one was ever seen associating with her, and she paid her own bills. What's more, she was always alone in her room when the chambermaid went in in the mornings."

"She could easily have been discreet by day and hospitable by night. The man could have had a separate room."

"All I can say," Fairey repeated patiently, "is that no evidence was found to support such a theory."

Kathryn got up. "Well, thank you for the information you've given me. I'm sorry I

something I had to know." The manager was firm: "I must ask you to leave at once"

had to worry you so late at night, but——"

"Please don't disturb yourself on that account." He looked at her curiously. "May I ask what you intend to do?"

"I'm going to try to find that evidence."

"At this stage? I'm afraid you're wasting your time."

"Time, Mr. Fairey, is something I'm going to have a great deal of after Tuesday. Goodbye."

THE reception clerk at the Superbe showed by a quick flicker of interest that he recognized Kathryn when she presented herself next morning at the hotel. She feared for a moment that he might say the place was full or raise some objection to her staying, but he gave her the book to sign and handed her key to the porter without comment. The first hurdle was passed.

She soon discovered, though, that making inquiries was going to be more difficult than she had imagined. It was one thing to ask questions when you were an unknown newspaperwoman or a popular celebrity, and quite another when you were the notorious mistress of a man who was about to be hanged for murder.

Wherever she went, she sensed an atmosphere and knew she was the cynosure of disapproving eyes, the single subject of hotel gossip. It wasn't surprising, of course, for to the uninformed her appearance in a public place at such a time must seem, to put it mildly, the height of bad taste. In the dining-room, women glared and men stared; in the lounge bar, voices were lowered as she entered. Whether from embarrassment, or a healthy regard for their own interests, the staff shied away from her the moment they had attended to her legitimate requirements. The prospects couldn't have been bleaker.

She still hoped that with patience and the exercise of great discretion she might be able to bribe or wheedle her way into someone's confidence, but by the end of the second day she knew that the hope wasn't going to be realized. She had had a few words with the boy who washed the cars in the garage, with the young barman when there were no other customers present, and with her own chambermaid in the privacy of her room, but that was all. And none of them could give her any helpful information.

On the second night, however, she did succeed in uncovering one small but suggestive fact. The Irish maid who came to turn down her bed in the evening remembered Louise well and seemed quite prepared to talk about her. The reason soon emerged. Louise, it appeared, had reported her for "insolence" and she had nearly lost her job. The suggestive fact was that Louise had always occupied a room on the very top floor, because she found it less noisy there.

Slight though the clue was, Kathryn felt confirmed in her suspicions. What she needed to know now was whether any *man* had consistently preferred a room on the quiet top floor, but about that the Irish girl couldn't help her.

By next day, the atmosphere in the hotel had grown still more hostile. The reception clerk, who had begun by being friendly enough in a reserved sort of way, was now very distant in his manner. The bluff, old-school-tie manager, passing her in one of the corridors, gave her a stony glance. If she were going to look at the hotel register, she decided, she must do it quickly while she still had the opportunity.

The large, heavily bound volume was kept permanently on the reception desk and presumably anyone could go and look at it. Even *she* might be permitted a hasty glance. But that wouldn't be enough; she needed to study it, to spend time with it. A formal request would certainly be refused. In the circumstances, direct action seemed the only course.

SHORTLY before dinner, when most of the guests were dressing, or drinking in the bar, and the rush of new arrivals was over, she took up a position near the hotel entrance, as though she were waiting for someone. The hall porter was temporarily absent from the foyer; the reception clerk was busy with his books.

Her chance soon came. After a few moments a buzzer sounded beside the clerk's desk and he went into the manager's office. Kathryn gave a quick glance round, walked across to the counter, swept up the register, and without a pause carried it upstairs to her room. There she turned the key in the lock and settled down to examine its pages.

At once, she found herself up against insuperable obstacles. The hotel was a large and busy one, and every day brought many new registrations. She turned to the page where Louise had last signed her name, on a Saturday back in July, and counted thirty-three other arrivals on that day. Of these, no fewer than eleven were unaccompanied males, and four more, who had signed with initials instead of Christian names, seemed more likely to be men than women.

Nor was the mere number the only problem, for many of the addresses were incomplete. "Arthur Jones, London," was a typical entry. Moreover, quite apart from the difficulty of tracing a person without an address, there was no reason to suppose that if some man had made a rendezvous here with Louise he had necessarily registered under his own name. It was much more likely that he would have given a fictitious one. And Louise might have met different men on different occasions.

For a while Kathryn stared helplessly at the book. Then she suddenly had an idea. If by

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ANOTHER SWEET TREAT BY MARS

"Fine thing—out of order!"

any chance the same man *had* been there on more than one occasion, he must surely have registered under the same name each time, otherwise someone might have noticed the change.

Laboriously, but with a specific purpose now, she worked through the record. Louise, she found, had entered her signature on five separate occasions over a period of about eight months. On sheets of hotel paper she made five lists of unaccompanied men who had registered around those periods. Then she went carefully through the lists, checking them one against the other. Almost at once she found what she had hoped for. On two occasions a "Stephen Lauterbach" of "Hampstead" had signed the book on the same day as Louise. The signatures were a careless scrawl.

She had little doubt now that she was on the right track. It was a sickening thought that she might have made the discovery weeks ago if she hadn't been so ill with anxiety, but she couldn't blame herself for that—and she couldn't really blame Fairey's agents, either. It had taken her more than an hour to isolate this crucial fact, and she could well understand how the detectives had missed it. They, after all, hadn't been personally involved to the extent of not caring what happened to them—they couldn't have been expected to carry off the register.

She sat back and considered the next step. The first thing, obviously, was to restore the register to its place before its loss was discovered. After that, there were half a dozen questions she was eager to have answered, and now that she had something definite to go on perhaps she'd be able to persuade the management to talk.

Which room had "Stephen Lauterbach" had? There was no indication in the book, but the information was sure to be on record in the office. Had he reserved his room by phone or letter? Had he said anything about the top floor? Which chambermaid had looked after him? What was he like in appearance? Had he paid his bill by cheque or in cash? Hopeful lines of inquiry opened out in all directions.

She shut the register and put the sheets of paper in her handbag. She was about to leave the room when she heard raised voices in the corridor and a moment later there came a sharp knock at her door.

It was too late! They'd already missed the book.

For a second she wondered if she should try to bluff it out, pretend she hadn't seen the thing, but she decided there was no point. The reception clerk had probably noticed her hanging about in the hall—and, anyway, who else would have taken it? A bold front seemed best.

Assuming as calm an expression as possible, she opened the door. The manager and the reception clerk were both there.

The manager's frown was forbidding. "Miss Forrester, the hotel register has been removed. Do you know anything about it?"

"Yes," she said, "I took it. I'm sorry, but there was something I simply had to find out. You had a man named Lauterbach staying here. . . ."

The reception clerk stepped into the room and gathered up the register. The manager said icily: "I must ask you to leave at once."

"*Please!* I need your help so badly. If you'll only let me explain. . . ."

"Madam, unless you are are out of this building within half an hour I shall call the police and have you ejected. Your behaviour has been grossly improper. That's all I have to say."

Red-faced, he snatched the register from the clerk and marched indignantly away.

KATHRYN moved that night to another hotel. First thing in the morning she drove on to the Luxor at Bournemouth, which proved to be a more modest establishment than the Superbe. This time her approach was different. At Brighton, with a stay of several days in front of her, it seemed hopeless to try to conceal her identity, but she had no intention of stopping at this place and she had brought a pair of sunglasses which would at least prevent her from being recognized the moment she entered the door.

At the desk, she launched into a complicated story about a friend of hers having stayed at the hotel about a week ago and left some books for her to collect. While the receptionist, an amiable young girl, made inquiries, Kathryn found the page in the register where Louise Hilary had signed her name and quickly ran her eye down the list of unattached males. There was no Stephen Lauterbach of Hampstead, but there was another signature that she found almost as interesting—that of a "Paul Liefschitz" of "London." It seemed to her that the handwriting in both cases was rather similar.

The best thing now, she decided, was to put her cards on the table while she was still in good odour at the hotel. Thanking the receptionist, and agreeing that she must have come to the wrong place, she asked if she might have a private word with the manager. He turned out to be a younger and friendlier man than his counterpart at the Superbe, but when she told him who she was and why she was there his expression became very serious. He listened to what she had to say about "Stephen Lauterbach" and "Paul Liefschitz," but told her frankly that it would be as much as his job was worth

to discuss the hotel's guests with her.

At that point, she realized that she had reached a dead end. She was altogether too well known, too mixed up in the case, too unwelcome at any hotel where Louise had stayed, to be able to get any further with her quest on her own. The time had come when she must enlist help.

At eleven o'clock the next morning, she drove into Surrey to see Sir John Fawcett by appointment. She had met the retired police commissioner in a television interview. This time she was shown into the library, and almost at once he joined her.

"My dear Miss Forrester," he said, warmly extending his hand. With concern he saw how tired she looked. "Do sit down! Can I get you anything—a glass of sherry, perhaps?"

She shook her head. "Sir John, I've come to you because I'm quite desperate and you're the only person who can possibly help me."

His shrewd eyes dwelt on her kindly. "Tell me what you think I can do."

"It's about Charles Hilary."

"I imagined it was probably that."

"Do you know about the case—the details, I mean?"

"Indeed I do. I think I've read everything that's been published about it. A most distressing affair."

"Sir John, he didn't do it—they're going to hang an innocent man."

Fawcett gave a slight nod. "It's very natural you should think so."

"Oh, I don't expect you to believe it just because I say so, but I think I may be able to prove it. I've been making inquiries and I've found out a lot of new things in the past three days. There *is* another man in the case."

"If you've evidence of that, Miss Forrester, your best course is undoubtedly to go and see Hilary's legal advisers without delay. They are the people to handle new facts."

"Mr. Murgatroyd's in America," said Kathryn, "and the solicitor doesn't take me seriously. Besides, he couldn't do anything. No one can do anything now except the police, and that's why I've come to you."

Fawcett looked taken aback. "I'm not the police, you know. I'm an ordinary citizen, now."

"But you have access to them, Sir John, and you have so much experience . . . at least, may I tell you about it?"

"You may do that, of course, if you wish."

Kathryn plunged at once into her

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story. She told about her investigations at the hotels, and about the two visits of Stephen Lauterbach to the Superbe, and about the similarity of the Bournemouth signature, and about Louise's predilection for top floors. Fawcett listened attentively.

"Well, it's intriguing," he said at last. "Intriguing, but—" he shook his head—"hardly more than that. The fact that this chap Lauterbach's two visits occurred at the same time as Mrs. Hilary's could so easily be a coincidence."

"Not if he turned out to be Paul Liefschitz as well."

"That would certainly make a difference—but you say you're not absolutely sure about those signatures."

"I'm not sure because I haven't had a chance to compare them properly and I'm not likely to have because if I go back to the Superbe they'll only throw me out again. The whole trouble is that I haven't any standing—it needs someone who can insist on having questions answered and documents produced, and only the police can do that. It would be so easy for them. They could photograph the pages of the registers and get experts to examine the writing and they'd soon know whether Lauterbach and Liefschitz were the same man."

"Suppose they were—what would you expect the police to do then?"

"Why, find him, of course. I've been thinking about that and I don't believe it would be difficult. For one thing, he'd hardly have chosen a foreign name every time unless he were a foreigner himself—he probably did it because he speaks with an accent and knew he couldn't get away with 'Smith.' He may even be a registered alien. In any case, everyone at the hotel would be bound to remember him and the police could easily get a complete description. He may have had a car, too, and that would be another way to trace him. I'm absolutely certain they could find him if they tried."

FAWCETT shrugged. "Oh, I don't doubt they could find him. The trouble is, they'd have nothing against him. Even if you're right in thinking that he knew Louise Hilary, the fact that he may have been carrying on a clandestine hotel relationship with her doesn't mean he killed her."

"No, I realize that must seem a big jump, but once the police found him they'd probably get the evidence. There'd be his appearance—if he were the real murderer he'd more or less answer to the description Mrs. Scott gave. Mrs. Scott was the witness who picked out Charles Hilary in an identification parade as the man she had seen leaving Louise's flat just after the time of her death. She might realize her mistake when she saw him. In any case, he wouldn't have an alibi for the time of the murder."

Fawcett sighed. "Believe me, Miss Forrester, I understand only too well how you must feel, but now that you've come to me I feel bound to speak frankly. The police, I'm sure, wouldn't feel justified in taking any fresh steps on the basis of what is, after all, a mere hypothesis. They have a great deal on their hands, and it isn't part of their job to make defence inquiries."

"Surely it's part of their job to see that justice it done?"

"They think justice *has* been done. You've got to remember that they're absolutely satisfied with the case they brought against Hilary. If they were starting the investigation all over again from the beginning they might be interested in this man Lauterbach, but as things are they've no reason to be. They're quite sure they arrested the right man and the jury agreed with them. From their point of view, the matter's at an end."

KATHRYN looked at him blankly. She had felt so confident she could get the police to help her. If they wouldn't, she scarcely knew where to turn.

"At least there must be *something* I can do," she said.

"It would be no kindness if I encouraged you to think so. It's so very late—in my opinion nothing can effect the outcome now. Even if the whole police force were mobilized to work on these discoveries of yours, I'm afraid that any results would be too late to save Hilary."

"Couldn't the Home Secretary postpone the execution while inquiries were being made. . . ?"

"He would do that only if there were new evidence of a most dramatic and irrefutable kind. If I thought there were the least hope I wouldn't hesitate to approach him myself, but I'm afraid there isn't. . . ." He looked at her drawn, despairing face with deep pity. "I hardly know what to say to you. It's not for me to intrude into your feelings, but if I could . . . well, if you could try to reconcile yourself a little. . . ."

She picked up her things. "I don't suppose you'll ever know," she said, "what it feels like to have someone you love *almost* safe, but not quite. Goodbye, Sir John, and thank you for listening to me."

"I only wish I could have been of some help." He stood still for a moment gazing out of the window with a troubled frown. Then he said: "I'll do this, Miss Forrester—I'll ring up the Commissioner straight away and tell him everything you've told me. He'll think I'm off my head, but I'll do it. Don't imagine that he'll take any action, though. He won't."

"You're very kind, Sir John. I'm grateful for that."

"And if there's anything I can do for you personally, at any time, you've

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Night of Innocence

by ALAN JENKINS

He was sixteen—and it is a terrible thing to be sixteen and in love. But for Sylvia it was just a wonderful game....

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

only to command me. Goodbye, my dear." In silence he saw her out to her car.

• • •

It was the evening before the execution. Kathryn was moving slowly along the Chelsea Embankment, without purpose, her eyes downcast and brooding. Her efforts had come to nothing and she had reached the limit of her mental and physical resources. She no longer felt capable of any sharp emotion—her mind was numb. She had been walking since early morning and her feet were as leaden as her brain. She felt so tired that she wished she could die.

She had walked because it had seemed the only thing to do. She couldn't stay still, waiting—she had to keep moving. She had purposefully avoided spending these last hours with anyone she knew—she didn't want to talk or listen. She had crept away, like an animal with a mortal wound.

As she drifted through the Embankment Gardens, past the King's Head where she and Charles had often lingered over a beer, she felt such a wave of weakness come over her that she had to sit down on a seat and rest. She couldn't remember when she had last eaten—all she knew was that food would choke her. She thought of going into the pub and getting herself some brandy, but the effort seemed too great.

She looked at her watch. Seven o'clock. Thirteen hours more.

Behind her, through the shrubbery, she heard laughter. People were sitting on the low stone wall opposite the pub, chattering happily in the evening sun, their tankards beside them. Snatches of conversation reached her—a girl enthusing about fashions, a young man talking politics, two "hearties" reminiscing about some golf course where there was a particularly tricky bunker on the ninth.

IF I don't get that brandy, she thought, I shall pass out. But if I get up I shall probably pass out anyway. Why did I let myself get into this state? Why didn't I take twenty aspirins, or something, and go to bed and wake up when it was all over?

The air of cheerfulness around her made everything worse. It was these people who were sending Charles to be hanged, yet they seemed unaware of what they were doing. Didn't anyone ever think of the man in the condemned cell, and the people who loved him? She couldn't bear it. She would rest a moment longer, and then go.

The hearty voices were still rattling on. . . .

"That fellow Mankad's an amazing chap—the Indians certainly do turn them out. I saw him at Lords this year—absolutely brilliant."

"Yes, I'm sorry I missed that. He wasn't in nearly such good form at the Oval. . . ."

Kathryn stirred. What was that he'd said?

"I can never seem to get down there—the ground's so out of the way for me."

"For me, too. I didn't go—I watched it on TV. Darned sight more comfortable, and you can see everything in close-up."

"You may be right, but I think I'd miss the excitement of the crowd."

"There wasn't much excitement that day, believe me. When I started to look in, the scoreboard showed a hundred and four for four, and when the fifth wicket fell an hour and a half later, they'd only added thirty. Imagine!—thirty runs in ninety minutes! It was deadly. . . ."

SUDDENLY Kathryn's wooden features came to life as the spark of a single word touched off a train of memory. Scoreboard? What was it Charles had said about a scoreboard? A strange, confused pattern began to form in her mind, a jostling and crowding of recollections and experiences. Charles despondent in her flat after seeing Louise—a darkened room—the prowess of Little Mo—people. . . . And a phrase—"thirty runs in ninety minutes." Ninety minutes for thirty runs. Ninety minutes. She could almost hear them ticking away.

A moment later she had sprung to her feet, no longer aware of fatigue. It was a chance in a thousand, but it was still a chance. God, why hadn't she thought of it before? *She*, of all people?

A taxi crept towards her along the Embankment and she ran forward, signalling wildly. . . .

The commissionaire at the television studios glanced up sharply as a small figure flashed past his box.

"Half a minute, Miss. . . !" he called. Then he recognized Kathryn, but before he could speak again she had disappeared from sight and he heard the lift door clang behind her.

Breathlessly she raced through the familiar corridors to the film library. Bob Sanderson was sitting with his long legs up on the table, just as he had been that day when she'd come from the interview with Fawcett.

"Kathryn!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet and staring at her as though she were an apparition. Like everyone else in the building, he had been thinking about her on and off all day. "What on earth. . . ?"

"Bob," she burst out. "Have you

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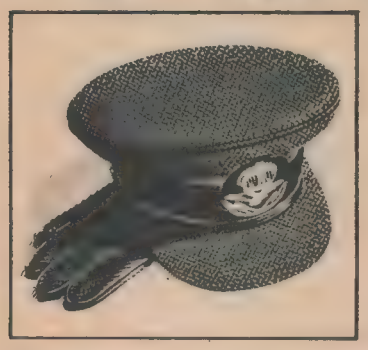

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THERE'S A PLACE FOR THE BEST IN THE R·A·F

got any pictures of the last Test match at the Oval?"

"Why, yes, I expect so," he said slowly, his eyes still fixed on her. He saw her sway a little, and took her arm. "Here, have a chair—you look all in."

"I'm all right. Hurry, Bob—everything you've got."

"What is it you're after?"

"A face—Charles Hilary's face."

His low whistle, his sudden look of comprehension, told her there was no need to explain any more. He knew as much about the case as she did. He was off on the instant, rummaging in the shelves, and in a few moments he returned with two flat tins.

"Here's the newsreel," he said, "and here's the stuff it was cut from. I'll give you the newsreel first."

She turned to face the screen and he fixed the film in the projector and dimmed the lights. There was a burst of introductory music, the smooth voice of the newsreel commentator, and then a picture of players coming out of the Oval pavilion, with spectators smiling and applauding in the stands.

The scene changed. Close-up of a batsman, now. Of a fieldsman running. Of a bowler in action. More people in the distance, with indistinguishable faces. Another stroke, and the ball followed to the boundary. Spectators again, still blurred. A smart catch behind the wicket. A few highlights, packed into a minute's film time. Then the newsreel ended and the screen went white.

"Nothing there," said Kathryn dully.

"There's a lot more yet. Here we go with the rest of it."

The projector whirred again. Kathryn clutched the arms of her chair with clammy hands. A different batsman this time, a different bowler. More strokes, more running. The umpire in his white coat. A ball delivered and a stump flung into the air. A ripple of excitement now, as the batsman walked away from the wicket. And then—what she had been waiting for, praying for! A close-up of the scoreboard that filled the whole screen, just as the Wimbledon indicator had done when she'd sat here before.

"Bob—stop!"

The picture became a "still." Just below the bottom edge of the scoreboard there was a row of heads and faces—smiling faces, vacuous faces, perspiring faces, all unaware of the telescopic lens upon them. But none of them was Charles.

Kathryn sat back with a little moaning sigh. Perhaps this part of the match had been played before he arrived—or perhaps he'd never actually moved into the camera's eye.

"Go on," she said faintly.

AGAIN the cameras were turned on new men. There was a dreary stretch of play. Thousands must have watched it with boredom, but to Kathryn every second was charged with tension. There wasn't much time left now. The film was becoming scrappy, with short runs lasting only a few moments. These were the bits and pieces. Her nerves screamed. Surely something must happen soon—something to make the camera swing to the board again. She *couldn't* stand it. . . !

The tempo quickened. A fieldsman was running, his hands outstretched. The ball was held—another batsman was marching away. Then the scoreboard filled the screen again, still with its fringe of bobbing heads. Everything became misty.

"Bob—*focus* it!"

His voice came from far away. "It *is* focused, Kathryn."

The screen was swimming and she slumped back in her seat. She was dimly aware of Bob helping her, forcing her head between her knees. The faintness passed. She struggled up and opened her eyes, compelling herself to look.

There, in front of her, was Charles, grim-faced, slightly at an angle but unmistakably himself.

For a moment she gazed incredulously at the picture. Then she gave a cry. "We've done it, Bob!—we've *done* it! It's Charles!" She was on her feet, rushing towards the screen, towards the familiar face. But it wasn't the face she was looking at any more. It was the scoreboard—the scoreboard that could show thirty runs in ninety minutes and that told the time as plainly as a clock if you knew how to read it.

"Bob," she said tensely, "tell me what the figures mean."

He was almost as excited as she and his hand shook as he pointed. "These show who the bowlers are and these the batsmen—the spectators have cards with names and numbers on, so they can identify the players from the board. These are the total runs—those are the runs made by the last batsman."

"The one who's just got out?"

"That's right—Number Five."

"Bob!—we've got to find out *when* he got out."

"That shouldn't be difficult. It was probably mentioned in some reports the next day. Hang on a minute."

SHE heard him go to a telephone and dial a number. She stood close to the picture, close to Charles. If only the clock would tell the right time!

"Hullo?—is that the *Daily Record*?" Bob's voice shot from bass to treble in his eagerness. "Sports department, please."

He waited. Kathryn waited. The room seemed very close.

"Hallo—is that you, Les? This is Bob. Listen, old boy, I've got a question for you—it's a matter of life and death. . . ."

Another interminable wait after he'd explained it all! Kathryn's thoughts were plunging ahead. How long would it take a man to get from the Oval to Kensington? From the scoreboard to Clandon Mews? Five minutes to get through the crowd and out of the ground; several minutes to reach a parked car or descend to the Underground; at least twenty minutes en route by car or train, perhaps longer. Say half an hour as a minimum. And Louise had been killed between three-fifteen and three-forty-five. So if Charles had been at the Oval anywhere between those times. . . .

She stood like a statue as Bob pressed the receiver to his ear again.

"Yes, Les. . . ? No, I shouldn't think it matters to a minute or two. . . *The Times*?—well, that's fairly reliable. . . .*just after*. . . .Yes, I see. . . . Okay, Les, thanks a lot. . . . I'll tell you tomorrow. 'Bye!"

He hung up and turned to Kathryn. "Number Five was out just after half-past three."

The tears were suddenly flowing unchecked down her cheeks. Without a word she threw her arms round the young man's neck and hugged him. Then she groped for the telephone and asked the operator to get Sir John Fawcett's number.

THE END

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by ROFFE THOMPSON

"Simplifies things, anyhow—I was one and fourpence short"

MAC'S DAREDEVILS WALK THE CLOUDS FOR TV

Continued from page 19

belonging to a local farmer chased him joyously, nipping his ears and nose.

Television masts cost about £50,000. At every stage, from the drawing-board to the time when the mast is sending out television pictures to millions of homes, the safety of both mast and men is the main consideration. The Holme Moss mast was designed to withstand gales of 125 miles an hour, with a possible half-inch coating of ice that would weigh an extra twenty or thirty tons.

Mac's first accident was on a radar tower in the Hebrides, when a winch brake failed. He was landing a section when suddenly it shot down again, breaking the bones of his foot. He climbed halfway down the mast, then the feeling returned and his mates had to carry him.

When the gang is building a television mast, Sandy operates two winches, besides driving the lorry that takes the men to their lodgings. One winch operates the "main bond" for lifting steel. Another hauls the "chair" which lifts the men aloft.

After safety, speed is the essence of every contract. "We are always trying to beat time," says Mac. Weather is the worst cause of delay, and the worst ever was when they built the television mast at Holme Moss, set in one of the bleakest areas of the Pennines.

"I've known it fine at ground-level, raining hard when the chair was halfway up, and fine again before the gang reached the top," says Sandy.

One afternoon, he rushed four men down in the chair off the high work because of a sudden thunderstorm. There was a flash and, says Sandy, "I was frightened to look to see what had happened to them." The men had jumped when the chair was five or six feet from the ground, but the lightning had burnt the bond through at the shackle.

Hair Stood On End

Mac was once trapped in the top cylindrical section of a television mast during a thunderstorm. The cylinder was full of static electricity. "I swear my hair stood on end with electricity—not fright," he says.

Quick thinking and fast physical reaction often saves serious accident. At Otringham, Hull, on a four hundred foot B.B.C. mast, McHale took the weight of the main wire inside the mast while a rigger above him hooked the end to the chair, which was temporarily tied to the structure. A loop fell over Mac's shoulders, and he waited for the rigger to free him. Instead, the man gave the right of way for the tail line to haul the chair down and Mac was carried up twenty feet with arms pinioned before the winchman heard his shouts.

The high-spirited men of the gang often try to scare anyone who is overconfident. A photographer once went happily up the television mast at Kirk o' Shotts. "But after a time," says Mac, "he got worried, what with the wires going up and down, and the boys jumping from one bit of string to another." He became so anxious to go down that he left his camera behind.

When he was four hundred feet down in the chair one of the riggers above fastened a loose shackle round the wire and let it go. "just to give him a thrill." It fell faster and faster, shrieking and clattering, and fetched up with a terrific bang on the hook above the chair. When the chair reached the ground, the photographer was helped out, nearly fainting.

The Banging Mystery

Rigging is no difficulty with McHale and Paxton, both of whom were sea fishermen. McHale is tall, with curly black hair, dark blue eyes and long lashes, and a deeply cleft chin; he comes from County Mayo, on the west coast of Ireland. With something of Jack Dempsey about his build, he has a springing, catlike walk, and speaks with an Irishman's soft charm and occasional extra aspirates.

When working abroad in 1949 he grew a beard to avoid the gnats and flies. He kept the beard for the Skylon, where they nicknamed him "Prime Minister of Pakamarro," but he shaved it off in Scotland because children shouted after him in the streets.

Mac and Sandy are not superstitious, though sometimes things happen which would shake them if they were. "One night at Wrotham the mast started to vibrate," recalls Mac. The night watchman thought it was either a ghost or a saboteur. He called the police. They went to the foot of the mast, shone torches and shouted. The answer was more banging, followed by a deadly hailstorm of bolts. The police hastily retreated and waited for daylight. A bag of bolts tied on a brace and swinging in the wind had banged against the mast until it split.

"Over in Aden," says Mac grimly, "the vultures perch on the bracings waiting for you to drop off." After the rigger was knocked off the fifty-five foot tower there, the Arabs on the site refused to go back to work. Eventually they collected enough money among themselves to buy a goat—"it had to be a male goat"—which they killed, sprinkling its blood on the ground under the tower. Then they felt safe to begin work again. THE END

'Old Charm'

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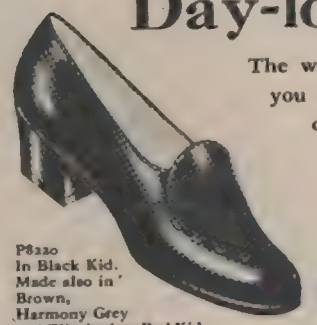

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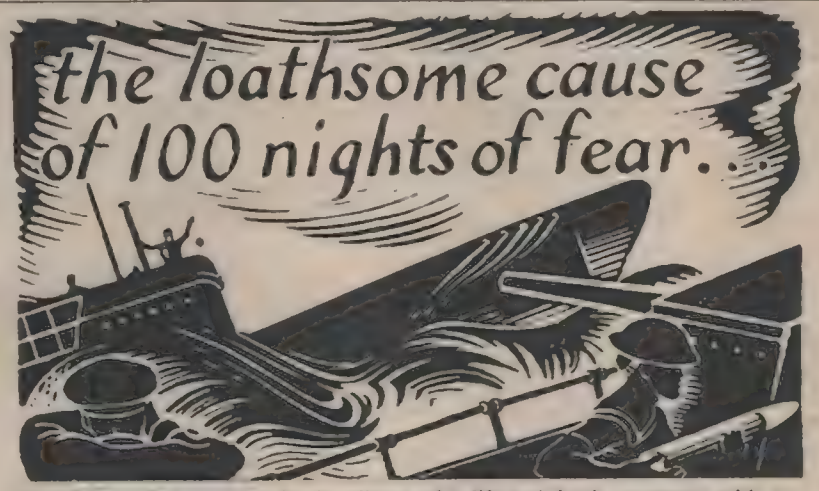

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HORNBLOWER OF THE ATROPOS

Continued from page 10

was black and silver; the polished facets of the silver-hilted sword caught and reflected the light at myriad points.

"Good morning, my lord."

"Morning, Catterick. Here's my protégé, Captain Horatio Hornblower."

Catterick's keen eyes took in every detail of Hornblower's appearance in one sweeping glance.

"His Lordship is presenting you, I understand, Captain. You accompany him into the Presence Chamber."

Hornblower nodded. His hat was in his hand, and he made haste to cram it under his arm as the others did.

"Follow me, then," said St. Vincent.

Up the stairs; uniformed men on guard on the landings; another black and silver uniform at the head of the stairs; a further brief exchange of sentences; powdered footmen massed about the doorway; announcements made in a superb speaking voice, restrained but penetrating.

"Admiral the Right Honourable Earl St. Vincent. Captain Horatio Hornblower. Lieutenant Anthony Bracegirdle."

THE Presence Chamber was a mass of colour. Every possible uniform was represented there. The scarlet of the infantry; light cavalry in all the colours of the rainbow, befrogged and befurred, cloaks swinging, sabres trailing; heavy cavalry in jackboots up to the thigh; foreign uniforms of white and green. St. Vincent carried his vast bulk through them all, like a battleship among yachts.

And there was the King, seated in a throne-like chair with a lofty back; it was an odd surprise to see him, in his little tie-wig, looking so exactly like his pictures. Behind him stood a semi-circle of men wearing ribbons and stars, blue ribbons, red ribbons, green ribbons, over the left shoulder and over the right; Knights of the Garter, of the Bath, of St. Patrick: these must be the great men of the land.

St. Vincent was bending himself in clumsy obeisance to the King.

"Glad to see you, my lord, glad to see you," said the latter. "Haven't had a moment since Monday. Glad all went well."

"Thank you, sir. May I present the officer responsible for the naval ceremonial?"

"You may."

The King turned his eyes on Hornblower; light blue eyes, prominent but kindly.

"Captain Horatio Hornblower," said St. Vincent, and Hornblower did his best to bow, as his French emigré dancing teacher had tried to teach him ten years before, left foot forward, hand over his heart. He did not know how far down to bend; he did not know how long to stay there when he had bent. But he came up again at last, with something of the sensation of breaking the surface of the water after a deep dive.

"What ship, sir? What ship?" asked the King.

"Atropos, - twenty - two, Your Majesty."

Sleepless during the previous night, Hornblower had imagined that question might be put to him, and so the answer came fast enough.

"Where is she now?"

"Deptford, Your Majesty."

"But you go to sea soon?"

"I—I. . . ." Hornblower could not answer that question, but St. Vincent spoke up for him.

"Very shortly, sir," he said.

"I see," said the King. "I see."

He put up his hand and stroked his forehead with a gesture of infinite weariness before recalling himself to the business in hand.

"My great-nephew," he said, "Prince Ernst—did I speak to you about him, my lord?"

"You did, sir," answered St. Vincent.

"Do you think Captain Hornblower would be a suitable officer for the duty?"

"Why, yes, sir. Quite suitable."

"Less than three years' seniority," mused the King, his eyes resting on Hornblower's epaulette. "But still. Harmond!"

"Your Majesty?"

A GLITTERING figure with ribbon and star came gliding forward from the semi-circle.

"Present Captain Hornblower to His Serene Highness."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

There was a smile in the pale blue eyes.

"Thank you, Captain," said the King. "Do your duty as you have done it, and your conscience will always be clear."

"Yes, Your Majesty," said Hornblower.

St. Vincent was bowing again; Hornblower bowed. He was aware of the fact that he must not turn his back upon the King—that was almost the sum of his knowledge of Court ceremonial—and he found it not so difficult to withdraw. Already there was a line formed of people waiting their turn to

reach the royal presence, and he sidled away from them in St. Vincent's wake.

"This way, if you please," said Harmond, directing their course to the farther side of the room. "Wait a moment."

"His Majesty's service makes strange bedfellows sometimes," said St. Vincent, as they waited. "I hardly expected you would be saddled with this, Hornblower."

"I—I have not yet understood," said Hornblower.

"Oh, the Prince is——"

"This way, if you please," said Harmond, appearing again.

He led them towards a diminutive figure who awaited them with composure. A young man—no, only a boy—wearing an outlandish uniform of gold and green, a short gold-hilted sword at his side, orders on his breast, and two more hanging from his neck. Behind him towered a burly figure in a more moderate version of the same uniform, swarthy, with fat, pendulous cheeks. The boy himself was handsome, with fair hair falling in ringlets about his ears, frank blue eyes and a nose slightly turned upwards. The burly figure stepped forward, intercepting the approach of the group to the boy. Harmond and he exchanged glances.

"Presentations should be made to me first," said the burly figure; he spoke thickly, in what Hornblower guessed to be a German accent.

"And why, sir?" asked Harmond.

"By the fundamental law of Seitz-Bunau, only the High Chamberlain can make presentations to His Serene Highness."

"Yes?"

"And I, sir, am the High Chamberlain. As you know."

"Very well, sir," said Harmond with resignation. "Then may I have the honour to present: Admiral the Right Honourable Earl St. Vincent; Captain Horatio Hornblower; Lieutenant Anthony Bracegirdle."

HORNBLOWER was about to bow, but out of the tail of his eye he caught sight of St. Vincent still holding himself ponderously erect, and he restrained himself.

"To whom have I the honour of being presented?" asked St. Vincent coldly.

"Doctor Eisenbeiss," said Harmond.

"His Excellency the Baron von Eisenbeiss, High Chamberlain and Secretary of State to His Serene Highness the Prince of Seitz-Bunau," said the burly man, in further explanation. "It is with much pleasure that I make your acquaintance."

He stood meeting St. Vincent's eyes for a moment, and then he bowed; St. Vincent bowed only after Eisenbeiss had begun to bow; Hornblower and Bracegirdle followed his example. All four of them straightened up at the same moment.

"And now," said Eisenbeiss, "I have the honour to present. . . ."

He turned to the prince and continued his speech in German, apparently repeating his first words and then mentioning the names in turn. The little prince gave a half bow at each name, but as St. Vincent bowed low—nearly as low as he had bowed to the King—Hornblower did likewise. Then the prince spoke in German to Eisenbeiss.

"His Serene Highness says," translated the latter, "that he is delighted to make the acquaintance of officers of His Majesty's Navy, because it is His Highness's will that he should make war against the French tyrant in their company."

"Tell His Serene Highness," said St. Vincent, "that we are all delighted, too."

The translation was made, and the prince produced a smile for each of them. Then there was an uncomfortable moment as they looked at each other.

Finally, Eisenbeiss said something again to the prince, received a reply, and then turned to the group.

"His Serene Highness," he announced, "says that he will not detain you longer."

"Hm'ph," said St. Vincent, but he

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64 BIG PAGES

Woman

Out Thursday, OCT. 15

bent himself once more in the middle, as did the others, and then they withdrew themselves, backwards and sideways, from out of His Serene Highness's presence.

"Damned upstart whippersnapper," mumbled St. Vincent to himself, and then added: "At any rate, our duty's done. We can leave. Follow me over to that door."

Down below, loud bawling by a footman in the courtyard brought up the earl's coach again, and they climbed in, Hornblower utterly dazed by reason of his cold, the excitement he had been through, and his puzzlement about the incident in which he had taken part.

"Well, that's your midshipman, Hornblower," said St. Vincent. His voice was so like the rumbling of the iron tyres over the cobbles that Hornblower was not sure that he had heard aright—especially as what St. Vincent had said was so strange.

"I beg your pardon, my lord?"

"I've no doubt you heard me. I said that's your midshipman — the Prince of Seitz-Bunau."

"But who is he, my lord?"

"One of those German princes. Boney chased him out of his principality last year, on his way to Austerlitz. Country's brimful of German princes chased out by Boney. The point is that this one's the King's great-nephew, as you heard."

"And he's to be one of my midshipmen?"

"That is so. He's young enough to learn sense—not like most of 'em. Most of 'em go in the army. On the staff. God help the staff. But now the navy's fashionable—first time since the Dutch Wars. We've been winning battles, and God knows the soldiers haven't. So all the ne'er-do-well young lords join the navy nowadays instead of the Light Dragoons. It was His Majesty's own idea that this young fellow should do the same."

"I understand, my lord."

"It won't do him any harm. Atropos won't be any palace, of course."

"That's what I was thinking, my lord. The midshipmen's berth in Atropos. . . ."

"You'll have to put him there, all the same, and he'll have to take what comes. And it won't be caviar and venison, either. I'll send you orders on the subject, of course."

"Aye aye, my lord."

THE coach was grinding to a stop at the Admiralty; someone opened the door, and St. Vincent began to heave himself out of his seat. Hornblower followed him in under the portico.

"I'll bid you goodbye, then, Hornblower," said St. Vincent.

"Goodbye, my lord."

St. Vincent stood looking at him from under his eyebrows.

"The navy has two duties, Hornblower," he said. "We all know what one is—to fight the French and give Boney what for."

"Yes, my lord?"

"The other we don't think about so much. We have to see that when we go we leave behind us a navy which is as good as the one in which we served. You've less than three years' seniority now, Hornblower, but you'll find you'll grow older. It'll seem you've hardly had time to look round before you'll have forty-three years' seniority, like me. It goes fast enough, I assure you. Perhaps then you'll be taking another young officer to present him at the Palace."

"Er—yes, my lord."

"Choose carefully, Hornblower, if it ever becomes your duty. One can make mistakes. But let them be honest mistakes."

"Yes, my lord."

"That's all."

The old man turned away without another word, leaving Hornblower and Bracegirdle under the portico.

"Jervie's in a melting mood," said Bracegirdle.

"So it seems."

"I think he wanted to say he had his eye on you, sir."

"But he had an anchor out to windward all the same," said Hornblower, thinking of what St. Vincent had said about the chance of one making mistakes.

"Jervie never forgives, sir," said Bracegirdle seriously.

"Well. . . ."

Twelve years of service in the navy had gone far to make Hornblower, on occasions, fatalist enough to be able to shrug off that sort of peril—at least until it was past.

"I'll take my boat cloak, if you please," he said, "and I'll say goodbye, and thank you."

"A glass of something? A cup of tea? A mouthful to eat, sir?"

"No, thank you. I'd better shove off."

MARIA was waiting for him at Deptford, longing to hear about his visit to Court and his presentation to the King. She had been wildly excited when Hornblower had told her what he was going to do. The thought that he was going to meet face to face the Lord's anointed was almost too much for her—the midwife had come forward with a warning that all this excitement might bring on a fever. And he had not merely been presented to the King, but the King had actually spoken to him, had discussed his professional career with him. Besides, he was to have a real prince as a midshipman on board his ship—a dispossessed prince, admittedly, but to counter-balance that was the fact that the prince was a great-nephew of the King, related by blood to the Royal Family. That would delight Maria as much as his presentation at Court.

She would want to know all about it, who was there (Hornblower found himself wishing he had been able to identify a single one of the figures who had stood behind the throne) and what everyone was wearing—that would be easier, as there had been no women present, of course, at the levee, and practically everyone had been in uniform.

He would have to be careful in his account, as it was possible to hurt Maria's feelings.

Hornblower himself fought for his country; it might be better said that he fought for the ideals of liberty and decency against the unprincipled tyrant who ruled across the Channel; the hackneyed phrase "for King and Country" hardly expressed his feelings at all. If he was ready to lay down his life for his King, that really had no reference to the kindly pop-eyed old gentleman with whom he had been speaking this morning; it meant that he was ready to die for the system of liberty and order the old gentleman represented.

But to Maria the King was representative of something other than liberty and order; he had received the blessing of the Church; he was somebody to be spoken about with awe. To turn one's back on the King was, to Hornblower, a breach of good manners, something damaging, in some degree, to the conventions which held the country together in the face of its imminent peril; but to Maria it would be something very close to sacrilege. He would have to be careful not to speak too lightly of the old gentleman.

And yet (the gig was carrying him through the Pool now, under the walls of the Tower) Hornblower had to admit it himself that Maria's views about his service in the navy were not on as lofty a plane as his own. To Maria it was a gentlemanly trade; it gave her a certain social status to which she otherwise would not have attained, and it put food into the mouth of her precious child—children, now that little Maria was born.

But self-sacrifice for a cause; the incurring of danger beyond the dictates of duty; honour, glory; these were conceptions that Maria cared little about. She was, in fact, rather inclined to turn up her nose at them as purely masculine notions, part of an elaborate game or ritual devised by men to make them feel superior to and different from women, whose self-respect and sublime certainty of superiority needed no such puerile bolstering.

IT was a surprise to Hornblower to find that the gig was now passing the Atropos as she lay at the edge of the stream. He should have been all eyes to see that all was well with her and that the officer of the watch had been on the alert to detect the gig as she came down the river; as it was, Hornblower merely had time to acknowledge the salute of Lieutenant Jones as the gig left the ship behind. There was Deptford Dock, and beside it the enormous activities of the victualling yard. From a sailing barge lying beside the jetty a gang of men were at work, driving a herd of pigs up into the yard, destined for slaughter and salting down to feed the navy.

"Eyes in the boat, there!" growled the coxswain.

One of the gig's crew had made a *sotto voce* joke about those pigs, evidently. It was hard to believe, even with this evidence before their eyes, that the unrecognizable, wooden-hard chunks of matter that were issued from the brine barrels to the men at sea really came from decent, respectable animals like those there. Hornblower's sympathies were with his men.

The coxswain was putting his tiller over to bring the gig up to Deptford Hard. Hornblower disembarked to walk up to the George to where his family was awaiting him. He would sit by Maria's bed and tell her about the pageantry of the Court of St. James's. He would hold his little daughter in his arms; he would play with his little son.

It might well be for the very last time; at any moment his orders would come, and he would take Atropos to sea. Battle, storm, shipwreck, disease—what were the chances that he would never come back again? And if ever he did, the squalling baby he was leaving behind would be a trim little miss, playing with her dolls; little Horatio would be at least starting with slate and pencil, writing his letters and figures; he might be beginning to decline *mensa* and learning the Greek alphabet.

And he himself? He hoped he would be able to say he had done his duty; he hoped that those weaknesses of which he was so conscious would not prevent him from achieving something of which his children might be proud.

To be continued next week

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B

ONE of the many things on which Tom and Lucy agreed was that banks were all very well for some people, but that their own money was better kept around the house.

They were a charming old couple, and they lived happily together at April Cottage for years, until one day old Tom caught a chill while digging in the garden. After only a few weeks, he died.

Poor Lucy was stunned, and she immediately lost all interest in life. Before Christmas, she had quietly followed him to rest.

Tom's estate was still being wound up when his wife died, and a certain amount of confusion arose. In fact, the attitude of the various beneficiaries under the old couple's wills was a sharp contrast to Tom and Lucy's lifelong harmony.

Lucy had owned April Cottage, and when a small fortune in pound notes was discovered hidden about the place, the excitement was intense. Some notes were found in a biscuit tin under the sink, some in the broom cupboard, more inside an armchair, and two bundles were unearthed from beneath a loose brick in the hearth. Nobody knew exactly how the money came to be in the house, or who had put it in these hiding places.

Tom's will did not name the same beneficiaries as his wife's, so the treasure trove caused an argument about who owned it. Finally, the matter went to court.

One of Tom's beneficiaries summed up his side's argument. "I knew old Tom for years," he said. "He always earned the money that went into that household, and he maintained his wife all the time. The money's obviously his, and should be shared out under his will."

Lucy's friends insisted that the money should be considered as part of her estate. She could well have had means of her own, they pointed out. After all, she owned the cottage—why couldn't she have owned the money found inside it?

Faced with these conflicting arguments, and a complete lack of evidence showing where the money came from and who had hidden it, the judge had a difficult decision to make.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 46

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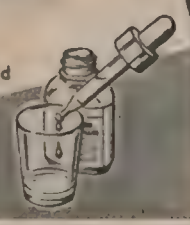

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JUDGE INGLE FOILS THE FLOWER SHOW CHEATS

Continued from page 11

most of the local growers, and it just wouldn't do." Instead, he becomes Leamington show manager for the town's three-day show.

In 1951, a severe gale blew up while he and the rest of the officials were at the official opening luncheon. Abandoning the soup, Ingle and the other committeemen hurried to the pump-room gardens, where they had spent most of the previous twenty-four hours supervising the erection of twelve show-tents.

"When I arrived at the gardens the wind was terrific," says Ingle. "Canvas was flapping about all over the place, tent pegs were pulled up, and even the poles were beginning to fall. As soon as we got one tent right, another would go down."

An urgent appeal for help was sent over the loudspeakers and, assisted by volunteers—exhibitors, staff and visitors—Ingle, with his hands badly cut by rope and canvas, managed to restore some sort of order.

Ingle has established the annual event at Leamington as one of the best shows in the country. He has tried to lead the way by introducing something new each year. As well as classes for "artistic arrangement of six kinds of vegetables, arranged solely for effect, garnishing allowed," there has been a class for "decorated fireplaces," with equipment loaned by a local firm. This year a new class was "a bowl of floating flowers and foliage."

Visitors Wonder Why

One difficulty in a three-day show is that the condition of the flower exhibits may change from day to day. The judge has to make his award on the exhibit when he sees it.

"There may be an exhibit of tight little roses which we know will look magnificent the next day," says Mrs. May Wilkinson, one of the few women judges. "But if it does not qualify at the time it cannot get a prize. In the same way, a prize-winning exhibit may be past its best by the end of the show, and late visitors probably wonder why on earth the judges made the award."

Today, all experienced judges are paid for their services, but Ingle can remember the time when show committees made no payment, and the judge was expected to give his time and the result of years of experience for nothing but the thanks of the organizers. A recognized judge is now paid a fee ranging from two guineas for a village show to ten guineas, plus expenses, for a big exhibition like Shrewsbury.

Ingle usually finds it easier to pick a winner than the second and third. "What I look for are beauty, quality and uniformity—not mere size. A perfect specimen of any type is almost impossible to hope for, so the winner is the one with the least number of faults. That one is usually pretty obvious. But as we get lower down the scale, it often becomes a question of which faults balance which.

"Personally, I deplore the practice of marking two exhibits 'equal second.' A crack in a plum, a scab mark on an apple or a slight greening of a potato will always tip the balance. Or the arrangement of one exhibit may be slightly better than the other."

Exhibitors' Faults

In Ingle's opinion, lack of attention to detail and careless handling of produce are the main faults of exhibitors.

"The experienced grower treats his specimens with great respect. Three enthusiastic chrysanthemum growers, each holding a single bloom before him in two hands like a banner, travelled fifteen miles by public transport to show them at the Birmingham Chrysanthemum Exhibition."

At the Shrewsbury Autumn Chrysanthemum Show, four years ago, Ingle and his colleagues were standing outside one of the tents when a great pantechnicon rolled up. In it was a wealthy retired Lancashire businessman who had been devoting much time to chrysanthemum growing. He stepped down and invited Ingle to look inside the van. Nearly the whole of the floor-space was covered with chrysanthemum plants, carefully supported and still in their pots.

The grower supervised the unloading of his precious blooms and, as each one was carried into the tent, he cut it and arranged it on his table.

"He might have done better if he had cut his blooms the day before and given them a drink for twelve hours in a deep bucket," comments Ingle drily.

"I am very keen that the Royal Horticultural Society's schedule of regulations is obeyed to the letter. If a class calls for a vase of flowers, it's got to *be* a vase for me—not a bowl," says Ingle. "So I was somewhat embarrassed at the 1951 show at Stoneleigh, Warwickshire. I had just made the awards for the best three dishes of 'Five coloured round potatoes' when the woman who was judging the domestic section came to me and pointed out that I had awarded the first prize to a dish containing *six* potatoes.

"Checking the number of items in an exhibit is the stewards' duty, but in such a glaring example the judges could not have disclaimed responsibility. We revised our decision immediately, but we were only just in time."

THE END

ALONG MY LINE

Continued from page 17

went on to explain that things were done much better in former days.

Woollard was a great admirer of Lord Palmerston. As I sat eating his appetizing but plain breakfast, I remembered how, towards the end of his life, Palmerston had been given a breakfast of lamb cutlet, devilled kidney and pork. Soon after this he died, regretting that he was to leave this world so soon after he had discovered what a capital breakfast this made.

With some difficulty I persuaded the kitchen to provide me with exactly the same breakfast. I then invited Woollard to break his fast with me. My intention was to confront him with such enormous helpings that he would have to refuse them, when I would tell him that he was turning down a meal which Palmerston, his hero, would have tackled with relish. To my horror, though, my guest tucked into this gargantuan meal without making any comment whatsoever.

Groaning inwardly, I too ploughed through the breakfast, unable to escape from my own trap.

Won £18 At Newmarket

Mother used to come occasionally and express alarm at the rate of my expenditure. I heeded her not. One day someone who knew me well told her that I had many childlike qualities. Having just emerged from one of our more unsatisfactory interviews, Mother snapped: "One can hardly call them qualities, and they are certainly not child*like*. To my mind they are just child*ish*." I fear I may not have changed since then as much as I should like.

Once, when I reached a very low watermark in my finances, I went to Newmarket with a young Irishman who had horse blood in his veins. Under his skilful guidance and direction I quickly won £18. This is the life, I thought as we drove the dozen or so miles back to Cambridge. From now on I shall stop worrying and simply back horses. Inspired by greed and enthusiasm I joined my Irish friend the following day and, on the same course, under the same direction, lost £25. That finished my career as a racing expert. The most difficult thing about that experience was to pretend that I did not mind losing.

Anti-feminist Club

Yet, still avid for excuses to spend what money I had, I got together with Kenneth Adam, now the B.B.C.'s controller of the Light Programme, Geoffrey Crowther and several others and became a founder member of the Hippolytus Club—named after the Greek hero who failed to return the love of his stepmother, Phaedra. This was an amusing, insincerely anti-feminist association. Inevitably, there was a dinner. We asserted our independence from the fair sex by having the menu printed in masculine, rather than feminine, French. We also handed out bachelor's buttons. We never got as far as a club tie and colours because nearly all the founder-members almost immediately became involved in affairs of the heart. Nearly all, as far as I know, are now married—but not I.

I was beginning to wake up, but was still not very sure of myself. If I was at all flamboyant, it was usually—apart from the cloak or the Senate House steps speech—in a very subdued way. It was still quite usual for me to get into people's bad books, however. I belonged to the Guild of St. Bernard and we used to take monthly communion at St. Edward the Martyr's, the key of which was kept by the Dean of Pembroke, now Bishop of Ely.

My duty was to get the key on the previous Saturday evening. Twice I forgot it and had to wake the dean, who always kept the key with several others on a ring in his pocket. Early one morning I was setting out for communion when I realized that I had forgotten to collect the key for the third time.

Fearing to disturb the dean by having a servant sent up to him, I

High Mountains
Hold on, Freddie!
Help-me-up-quick...!
Jim, that rope must have been frayed. I told you to check it!
I-I meant to, Bob, but somehow I've felt so tired lately. I'm sorry, Freddie
Oh, dry up, you clot
JIM GOES TO SEE A DOCTOR
What makes me so tired, then, if there's nothing really wrong with me? I sleep well...
You think you do, Mr. Bolton. But lying unconscious for 8 hours isn't the answer. You must rest your brain and nerves too-relax completely. Only if you get relaxed sleep can you wake up as rested as you should be. I recommend a cup of Horlicks every night
SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT AND JIM FINDS A NEW RESTFULNESS ...REGAINS HIS OLD FORM
NEXT SEASON
The book says that the West face is impossible above the overhang, but I had a good recce with George yesterday. I've thought about it a bit, too
You seem pretty confident, Jim. Okay, I'm with you. But I'll check the rope!
AT THE OVERHANG
O.K. You lead from here, Jim. What's the next move?
First I'm going to traverse to the right
AT THE TOP
(THINKS) No tiredness now-thanks to Horlicks
That was terrific, Jim. A first ascent! You're a cunning old bird, y'know, working that route out
HORLICKS

tiptoed up to his bedroom, where the reverend gentleman was still slumbering. As I groped through his clothes I found myself so agitated that the minutes ticked by and I failed to find the key. In the end I made such a clatter that I woke the dean. For a moment he gaped, startled, at the intruder. Then he cried: "Surely you have not forgotten for a third time, Harding." There was nothing I could say in reply, and the good dean sent me packing.

Among my acquaintances at that time was an American undergraduate called Sonnie Burns, who had an excess of fat, and innumerable girl friends. Far from repelling them, his rotund figure seemed to attract almost every class of girl, from barmaids and kitchen maids to the students of Girton and Newnham.

Girls' Punt Sank

One day, as I was standing on Clare Bridge with Sonnie, there drifted towards us a punt containing two young women. One of them was a peer's daughter upon whom my corpulent friend was obviously trying to make an impression. Crying "Yoo-hoo!" he jumped off the bridge and landed in the punt, which immediately sank beneath his weight. As the three of them floundered in the dank, green water I gazed placidly from the bridge, thankful, for once, that I was not so susceptible to feminine charms.

Though I did not attempt to raise a hand to rescue those idiots, I was grateful for a little assistance myself shortly afterwards. There was a mill race off Newnham Road and it was always great fun to go up to the foot of this in a canoe and then turn round sharply and be carried down in the current. One afternoon I overturned and found myself floundering, fully clothed, in the chilly waters of the race. Gasping and bewildered, I was dragged out with a boathook.

There was a rather pompous young

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

salesman in a Cambridge store who would give various people offence for one reason or other. He used to affect the more obvious undergraduate mannerisms, but bitterly resented any undergraduate who attempted to make any purchases from him.

One day I got one of my college chums to enter the store and let himself be seen stealing a black chamber pot painted with roses. Pretending to conceal this flamboyant article under his gown, my friend passed the nose of the unpopular assistant. Thinking, no doubt, that here was a wonderful opportunity for revenge on undergraduates in general, the counter-jumper let my friend reach the pavement and then called after him: "Stop thief!"

My friend promptly bolted and the shop lad was unwise enough to give chase. This went on till they reached the corner of Jesus Lane where I was waiting with a drum and fife band. Shaking with laughter, my friend returned the ornate chamber pot to the outraged assistant, explaining that he had only intended to show it to his friends. All of us gaily agreed that this was true, so the outraged shop assistant was obliged to walk the long distance back to his shop carrying the utensil without the kindly shelter of a gown to hide it from sniggering bystanders, followed by my drum and fife band.

I went back to my college, wondering what I should do about the future. So uncertain was I in those days that at one time it had been arranged for me to be ordained as a clergyman of the Church of England. But now, under Chesterton's influence, I was much nearer Roman Catholicism. I baulked at surrendering my soul altogether to Rome, so as an Anglo-Catholic I got myself accepted by the Bishop of Durham as a candidate for ordination in his diocese. The first step towards this was to go to the College of the Resurrection at Mirfield in Yorkshire. Before this, however, I had to take my degree in history.

Two things haunted my last days in Cambridge. One was the problem of what to do about my last May Week. The other was the spectre of examination nerves.

Despite the wonderful breakfast parties and club dinners, I had never been able to afford to go to any of the college balls held in May Week. This lasts a fortnight and takes place at Cambridge in June. It is a festive time when parents and sisters and eligible girl cousins come to enjoy the end-of-academic-year "bust up," and have fun in general.

My college, with its tradition of non-extravagance, held only one ball every three years, and I longed to attend it when it did occur. But I knew that there were lean days ahead. My £250 grant would shortly come to an end and I felt I could no longer live on my mother's hard-earned money. So, as May Week approached, I watched the great marquees going up on the college lawns and saw the gay illuminations being hung over the bridges and by the banks of the river, and I prayed that

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 43, the judge explained that there were two principles involved. First, the possessor of land has a greater right to any property found on it than anyone, except the true owner. So Lucy, owner of the house, owned the money, as there was no evidence to show otherwise. Secondly, the money could be regarded as Tom's and Lucy's joint fund, in which they had an equal interest. When one partner died, the money would go to the survivor—and Tom had died first. The money, therefore, had belonged to Lucy—every penny of it. *(This is the probable decision, based on actual court judgments.)*

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a miracle might happen to bring me the wherewithal to go to a May Week ball in style.

The miracle did not happen. I could not afford the seven guineas for double tickets and I refused to slink in on my own and be a mere bystander.

So I said nothing to anyone, and managed on the whole to excuse myself from those invitations which I did receive. One night, however, as I was cycling back to Queens' from some fairly dreary meeting, I looked across the river and stopped pedalling. Against the incomparable backcloth of the great chapel and the Gibbs buildings was the King's May Ball in full swing.

Leaning on my cycle handlebars, I heard the seductive music, saw the flash of beautiful girls in lovely dresses, watched slim young men in white ties and tails escort their partners to punts moored beside the lawn, and I felt the tears push remorselessly up to my eyes. There was only a short stretch of river between me and the scene before me. As I listened to the happy laughter and heard the gay clink of champagne glasses, it made me feel very much indeed that I was a "have not."

Hypnotized For Exam

The more pressing anxieties of the exams had, to some degree, anaesthetized me against an excess of self-pity. For weeks I had fretted and gnawed my knuckles and lost sleep over the prospect of having my mind pried into by hostile inquisitors determined to discover only the things I did *not* know. I had in the past got through every exam by the skin of my teeth. Now was the crucial test. My time was up.

Shortly before the exam I sought out a young doctor in the psychological laboratory, a Dr. Buchanan.

"I'm desperately worried," I told him. "What can I do?"

"Leave it to me," he said.

Placing me on a comfortable couch, Buchanan told me to relax completely. After a while he told me to look up at his finger. Slowly he began to move his finger from left to right, telling me to watch it carefully.

After a minute or so, Buchanan asked me to clasp my hands above my head. Then he told me to unclasp them. This was repeated several times. Then he said: "I shall now ask you to clasp your hands once again. This time you will not be able to unclasp them."

He was quite right. I was well and truly hypnotized.

Quietly and persistently, he said: "You are going to pass the examination and you are not going to worry any more."

Then he snapped me out of the trance and I walked back to my college in a daze. I continued to swot, half hypnotized into a state of confidence.

Inevitable Questions

Another stroke of luck perhaps saved my skin even more effectively than that experience with the hypnotist. During one of my lapses from confidence, I confided to a friend, John Leatham (now head of Taunton School), in my scanty knowledge of ancient history.

"That's all right," he said flippantly. "All you need to know is about Draco, the city states, and the Peloponnesian War."

"What are they?" I asked.

Leatham explained about the Athenian magistrate who was responsible for putting the ancient laws into writing, listed the various city states of Hellas, and talked to me about the war between Athens and Sparta.

I went into the examination room on a hot June day in an agony of apprehension. By the abundant mercy of God one of the questions was: "Discuss the Draconian administration." Another question asked: "Give an account of the city states." A third question commanded me to describe the Peloponnesian War. These three questions I answered, and only these three. Some time later I learned that I had just scraped through.

And so, having taken a Third Class Honours Degree in history, I left Cambridge.

NEXT WEEK: I become a teacher —and end up as a policeman

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With Bow And Arrow
On The Floor
If Dad Were Mayor
Cold Water
Nearly Killed Him
The Witch-doctor
In The Thick Of The Fray
Tells A Tale
Quiet Game Of Cards

Incomplete "Examples" see instructions

Took The.....In
Helped By.....
Nowhere To.....
Missed The.....
Fugitive From.....
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OTHER AWARDS: £15: S. Usan, 108 Gowan Avenue, Fulham, S.W.6: LITTLE IN THE CUPBOARD—BUT *Rusks* ON TABLE! £10: E. Mundy, 4 Queensberry Road, Salisbury: SKIPPER WINSTON—AND "BOY RALEIGH," STILL! £5: E. Forrest, Shear Cross Farm, Crockerton, Warminster: SKIPPER WINSTON—SEEING "SUNSET" FROM "BRIDGE"? £5: W. Grant, 1 Niddrie Marischal Grove, Edinburgh: GOOD FOR THE MARRIAGE—COMPLEXION, LITTLE "SOFT SOAP"! £5: V. Mace, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh: HUMAN FOOTBALL—"KEPT DOWN," *Rotten* GAME! £5: Mrs. G. Sheppard, 4 Branksome Road, Merton Park, S.W.19: LOADED WITH ANGLERS—TOO OFTEN, PEACE "LIFEBOAT." £5: R. G. Walton, 6 Allison Gardens, Consett: PLENTY IN THE CUPBOARD—BUT DISTRIBUTION HOLDS "KEY."

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted. £450 BONUS: Under the published terms of *Bullets* August Tournament, £450 Bonus has been awarded to Mr. B. Marson, 8 Wheeldon Avenue, Derby, First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,900.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated November 7, and in JOHN BULL, dated November 14), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 31, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,907 result.)

£750 XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £600
SECOND PRIZE £100
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THIS WAY TO WIN

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two*, *three* or *four* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 858

1. It pays to advertise one
2. Baker's apprentice will be expected to sweep up this, among other jobs
4. To battle against a strong one requires both strength and skill
7. Now and again one is referred to in newspapers
8. It seems fitting that learned scholar should have an imposing
11. Running of one is a matter comparatively few men really understand
13. In some circumstances you might be very glad of a spare
14. Forester finds sound piece of timber pretty easy to

Down Clues

1. Is thought of as something low
2. Awkward one is apt to embarrass average fellow
3. This means more to some peoples than to others
5. There's nothing much you can do with poor ones down on their uppers
6. Often prepare us, in a way, for the rigours and discomforts of winter
9. There's often little in it
10. There's hardly a useless ounce on some of them
12. In international affairs, quarrelling is this

XWORD 854 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Chest. 3, Oven. 5, Tie. 6, Deluged. 8, Bogey. 10, Bass. 12, Tugs. DOWN: 1, Card. 2, Sere. 4, Fun or Sun. 7, Dog. 8, Blind. 9, Guild 10, Bat. 11, Swans.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Mrs. G. Laidler, "Ambledene," Bamber Bridge, nr. Preston, Lancs.

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1,907 Closing Postmark MON., OCT. 19

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A	5 B	E	D	■	■	■	R	O	C
M	O	■	I	■	■	6	■	M	E
7 P	O	■	T	■	8	O	M	E	■
■	■	■	C	P	■	G	■	N	9 S
10 P	S	■	11 H	O	■	S	E	■	K
■	■	12	■	U	■	■	D	■	■
G	O	A	■	L	■	■	G	A	L
13 S	T	R	■	P	858	14	E	L	L

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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No.		4s.

(*Total fee shown includes entry on Square*)

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Extra Answers to two Clues=4 Squares, 1s.; three Clues =8 Squares, 2s.; four Clues = 16 Squares, 4s.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated October 31.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per contest and to entry requiring not more than 8s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

ONE WEEK ONLY to post this week's coupon — last week's entry-form may be enclosed.

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